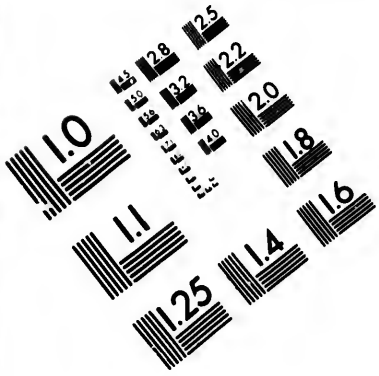


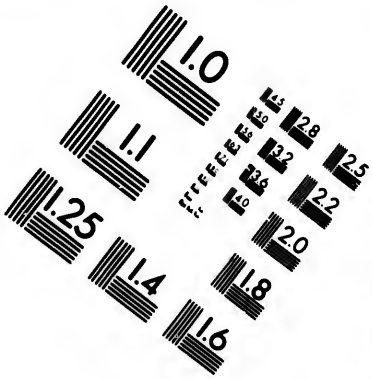
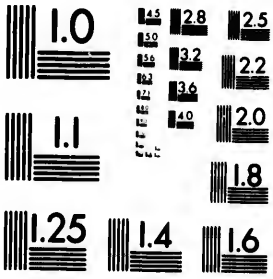
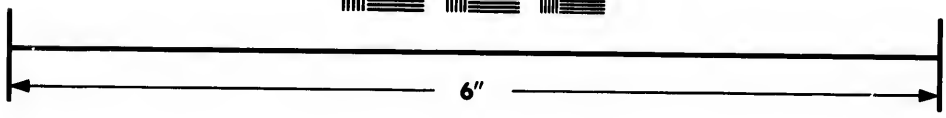
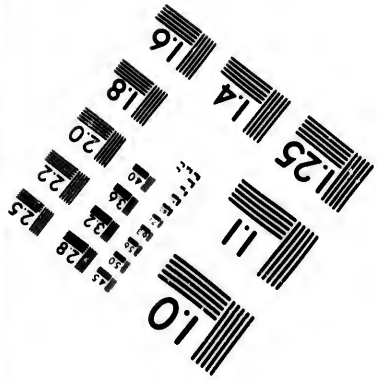
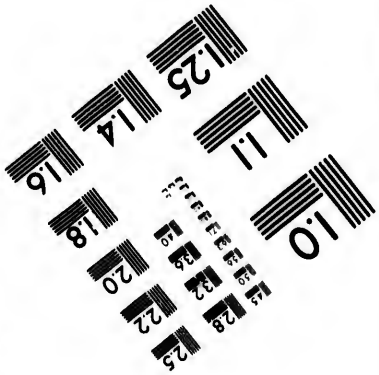


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)









Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

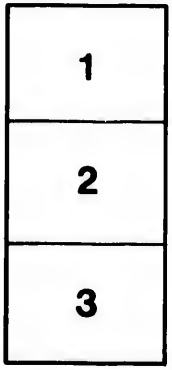
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

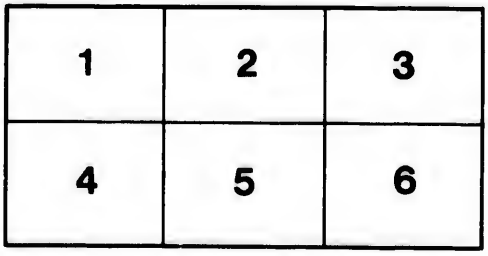
- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							





NOTICES OF

MESSENGERS OF THE CHURCHES.

FIRST SERIES.

SKETCHES OF COKE, CAREY, OUSELEY, MARTYN, CASE, MORRISON AND WILLIAMS.

"The most concise, clear and strong presentation of missionary facts and incidents that we know. It is written in Mr. Sanderson's excellent style and is of special value to young readers."

REV. DR. WITHROW, Toronto.

"It is written in a most attractive and racy style, and must inspire those who read it with loftier and nobler purposes. It cannot fail to do good."

REV. DR. GALBRAITH, Belleville.

"I have not lately read any book with a keener relish. It is so entertaining and beautifully written."

MRS. (DR.) WALLACE, Toronto.

"Just what I was looking for."

REV. J. E. MAVETY,
President Montreal Conference.

"It is in every respect good. Dr. Withrow's commendation is well deserved. It very richly and unqualifiedly deserves a strong effort for circulation. Send me thirty copies, full gilt."

J. A. MATHEWSON, Montreal.

"This series will be read and studied with interest. Just the books needed to help prepare for good missionary programmes."

F. C. STEPHENSON, M.D.

"I shall be looking anxiously for the next series."

S. S. LIBRARIAN, Toronto.

"Don t know that I have read any book with so much matter in such concise form and so interesting. We have several copies in our S. S. Library and Leagues. Just the book for them."

CLARA G. WALLACE, Secretary Toronto Epworth League Union and Literary Vice-President, Toronto Conference.

MESSENGERS OF THE CHURCHES

Second Series

TEN PIONEER MISSIONARIES

With Portraits and Illustrations

"The messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ."
—*2 Cor. viii. 23.*

BY

REV. J. E. SANDERSON, M.A.

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
MONTREAL: C. W. COATES HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS
1901

PREFACE.

THE First Series of MESSENGERS OF THE CHURCHES, published in December, 1900, having been sold out in a few months, and a second edition called for by the Woman's Missionary Societies of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, the author, in answer to other calls, has issued the Second Series sooner than he had expected.

In harmony with the expressed wishes of many readers, some of the very early workers on this continent and several of the first converts among our Canadian aborigines are presented, as worthy of grateful remembrance.

In recognition of woman's work, extending so blessedly in the helpful agencies of the mission field, we have included brief sketches of some of their earliest forerunners.

We send forth this little volume trusting that a more intimate knowledge of the toils and

triumphs of men and women so honored by the Lord of the harvest may help to fan the flame of missionary zeal, especially among the young people and children of the churches.

With thanks to many friends whose efforts and commendations have greatly aided the circulation of the First Series, and acknowledgments to many authors from whom we have gleaned much material for these pages, we commend the Second Series to the favor of all who appreciate heroic missionary labors, and to the blessing of Him who bids us "preach the Gospel to every creature."

In the Third Series we purpose including several representative Canadians.

J. E. S.

TORONTO, *December*, 1901.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

MESSENGERS OF THE CHURCHES.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

United States and Canada.

1745-1816.

WE are learning gratefully to cherish the names and deeds of the devoted servants of the Lord Jesus who first sowed the seed of the Gospel in the wilds of the New World. Of those valiant heralds of the Cross, worthy of everlasting remembrance, perhaps no one better served his generation or laid a firmer foundation for ages to come than

FRANCIS ASBURY.

He was born August 20th, 1745, in Staffordshire, England. His parents, Joseph and Elizabeth, were "amiable and respectable," under the genial influences of religion.

The death of a sister led to the conversion of Francis at the early age of seven years.

After brief school days, he spent some years with a wealthy but irreligious family. While

learning a trade he had a Christian home and church privileges. From his mother he had heard good accounts of the Methodists and made his way to their meetings. "It was better than a church," he says: "the people were so devout, men and women kneeling, and all saying Amen!" He joined in their worship and partook of their spirit.

> "The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above."

Francis was soon holding prayer-meetings, exhorting with much fervency and witnessing many conversions. Though but seventeen, as local preacher he extended his labors into several counties and was heard by "weeping thousands." When twenty-one he was

RECEIVED ON PROBATION

for the ministry. At the Conference in Bristol, 1771, hearing Wesley's appeal for volunteers to assist Boardman, Pilmore and Williams in America he replied—"Here am I; send me."

With the slenderest kind of outfit, but with his mother's blessing and one companion volunteer, on the 4th of September he

SAILED FROM BRISTOL FOR AMERICA.

The young missionaries enlivened the voyage with reading, prayer and preaching.

After eight weeks they received a fervent welcome in Philadelphia.

Though but five years since the standard of Methodism was planted in New York by Barbara Heck, Philip Embury and Captain Webb, the little one had become a thousand. Of a population of 144,000 in 1761, 84,000 were reported in the churches.

When Asbury arrived irritation was springing up between England and the colonies. The "Great Awakening," through the labors of Edwards, Whitefield and others, was sadly interrupted by political disturbances. But Wesley, sending successive contingents, strengthened the outposts. Leaving Philadelphia, Asbury made his way to Staten Island, preaching in private houses. In New York he met Mr. Boardman—"a kind, loving, worthy man"—and was introduced to his people; then for some months made Philadelphia his centre. While zealously acting the part of a peacemaker he received a letter from Wesley, desiring him to take charge of all the societies. He spent the next winter in Maryland, where the preachers met and arranged their appointments.

Asbury, stationed in Baltimore, preached wherever he found an open door.

The first Conference was held in Philadelphia, July, 1773. There were ten preachers and 1,116 members. The Light Street Church was built in Baltimore.

In Virginia hundreds were converted, and

openings made for several circuits. In May, 1774, an increase of 900 was reported. Asbury rode 2,000 miles on horseback and preached 300 times during the year. By the next year the members increased to 3,000. In the midst of war agitation a day of fasting and prayer was appointed. Some returned to England: but Asbury said, "I can by no means leave such a field for gathering souls as we have in America."

In 1776, his health being poor, he was advised to try the Sulphur Springs in Virginia. In a house 16 x 20 there were seven beds and sixteen persons. After five weeks he wrote: "I this day turn my back on the Springs as the best and the worst place I ever was in; good for health, but most injurious for religion." Twenty preachers attended the Conference of 1777. The Patriots of the Revolution had declared the colonies

"FREE AND INDEPENDENT,"

throwing off all allegiance to Great Britain.

The administration of the ordinances by Methodist ministers began to be much mooted.

In a new country fetters of Church and State were irksome, and the love of freedom was asserting itself. Asbury avoided, almost refused taking the oath demanded by the leaders of the Revolution, and his responsible position caused

him grave anxiety. In Delaware he found a retreat, but he was longing to proclaim the Gospel throughout the continent. After two years he attended the Conference in Baltimore and suffered no further trouble. In the South the preachers became so anxious about ordination that a division seemed inevitable. Asbury proposed a consultation. A compromise was effected. Then with a light heart he went north. "I have only time," he says, "to pray and write in my journal. The rides are so long and the roads so bad." From north and south the preachers assembled in Baltimore for the Conference of 1781. Brotherly love prevailed. A full account was sent Mr. Wesley.

Asbury set off on his southern tour, often benighted in the woods and sleeping supperless on the ground. In many places he had congregations of two or three hundred.

After scaling the heights and exploring the caves of the Alleghanies he returned through Maryland and Pennsylvania to New York.

At the Virginia Conference, 1782, twenty preachers were received on probation.

A change every six months made the itinerancy very real.

Wesley's appointment of

ASBURY AS GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT

was confirmed. In the midst of revivals and

general prosperity the question of ordination was suffered to rest.

Asbury started on his eleventh tour, was in Baltimore for Conference, thence into Delaware and Virginia, returning to New York in August, 1783. Wesley's counsels were still eagerly sought and cheerfully followed. His letters indicated accurate knowledge of the work and almost prophetic visions of the future. Asbury, crossing the mountains to Pennsylvania, heard of the capture of Richard Williams by Indians, who had killed his father and mother. He was taken to Detroit. After several escapes and re-captures he reached his home, where his wife had been praying without ceasing. Amid such dangers did the heroic itinerants traverse the wilderness.

In November, 1784, Asbury greeted Dr. Coke, his associate in the General Superintendency.

Now that political ties were sundered, the question of ecclesiastical independence must needs be met. The preachers had increased to 104 and the membership to 18,000. A Special Conference was summoned. Wesley's letter was read, giving his views on matters political and ecclesiastical. The Conference declared the church independent, to be known as

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The office of Superintendent was made elective. By unanimous vote Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury

were declared joint Superintendents. Asbury, up to this time unordained, was ordained a deacon and then an elder, after which by Dr. Coke, assisted by several elders, he was set apart as Superintendent. Dr. Coke preached a sermon on church government and the qualifications of a Christian bishop Twelve others were ordained Elders; two of them, Garretson and Cromwell, for Nova Scotia. The stations in the West Indies and Nova Scotia were still connected with the American work. In Virginia, Asbury exercised his new powers, baptizing and ordaining. From Virginia he passed on to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

Asbury proposed founding a school and the project was warmly advocated by Dr. Coke. A site was selected near Baltimore, $5,000 subscribed and the

CORNER-STONE OF COKESBURY COLLEGE

was laid on the 5th of June, 1785. In two years it was opened with twenty-five students. The liabilities pressed heavily upon Asbury.

Having to cross the Great Dismal Swamp or ride sixty miles round he made the venture. "Three miles on the water and three more on roads under water made our jaunt unpleasant."

In 1787 the General Superintendents met the Conference at Charleston. After a free discussion of the affairs of the Church, they rode

together three hundred miles in a week, preaching every day; then through Baltimore and Philadelphia to New York.

In June Asbury crossed the mountains, spent several weeks, then returned to recruit at the Bath Springs.

In Uniontown, Pennsylvania, he held the first ordination service in the great Mississippi valley. The Discipline of 1785 contained special rules against slavery; in that of 1788 the title "Bishop" was authorized. After Conference in Georgia, Asbury again crossed the mountains. "Night came on; I was ready to faint with a violent headache, and I prayed for help. A profuse sweat broke out, and the fever subsided. Our route lay through the woods. My pack-horse would neither follow, lead nor drive. At the river I was at a loss what to do, but providentially a man came along who conducted me across. This has been an awful journey to me, and now after riding seventy-five miles I have thirty-five more before I can rest a day." Rest! "Oh, how glad I should be of a plain clean plank to lie on as preferable to the beds—and the floors are worse." The itinerant pioneers had already penetrated the great Western wilderness to the camps and cabins of Kentucky. Asbury following them was off on his perilous journey, scaling rocks and fording rivers, when he was met by a guard of eight

men waiting to escort him. The company soon doubled, and well armed made thirty to fifty miles a day, meeting only wild beasts and savages. They passed a camp where the Indians had killed twenty-four white men. At Lexington Asbury preached and met nine of his men in Conference. After visiting other places the missionary explorer was conducted on the return journey by a body-guard of fifty and reached Virginia in safety. With humility and zeal he identified himself with every interest of the church and country, confuting the attacks of envy and calumny.

In 1790 he received from Jesse Lee a report of his efforts in New England, closing on the Boston Common with "a thousand serious hearers." As reasons for remaining unmarried Asbury assigned—his coming to America, the war, his superintendency, small salary and the assistance required by his aged mother. About two hundred had given up the itinerancy, finding it impossible to provide for their families.

On one of his rounds Asbury had to pass through an unbroken forest. A daughter in the house where he lodged offered to show him through. Mounting her pony she led the way until a deep ravine cut short their progress. Preferring to reach his appointment without a lady escort, Asbury put spurs to his horse and

was over. "You can't do that!" he said to his fair companion. "I'll try!" said she, and in a moment was again in the lead.

To provide literature for his people he had

A PRINTING PRESS

at work in Philadelphia up to 1804, when it was removed to New York, finally reaching its present site on Mulberry Street.

The profits on books went to the College, the Preachers' Fund, Mission and Church debts.

Not waiting for the organization of Education, Missionary, Bible, Tract and Sunday School Societies, he developed these departments of Christian enterpise and collected money to sustain them. Freely he scattered Bibles, books and tracts as leaves from the tree of life, saying, "Now I know I am sowing good seed."

On the election of George Washington he presented the congratulations of the Conference—the first formal ecclesiastical acknowledgment. Loyalty to civil and political authority, with equal civil and religious liberty to all, was the teaching of the Methodist Church.

On the death of Wesley, 1791, Bishop Asbury wrote a record of the life and the labors of the Founder of Methodism, and in several places preached memorial sermons.

Writing to Nova Scotia he says: "I expect in a very few years we shall be through New

Hampshire, Maine and Vermont, becoming near neighbors to Nova Scotia."

Travelling westward, with a company from North Carolina in quest of better land in the fertile plains of Kentucky, he writes: "How much I have suffered in this journey is known only to God and myself."

In 1792, after a Conference in Virginia, he passed on to Uniontown—"fifty miles without a horse," through Pennsylvania and other States to New York, like the angel with the everlasting Gospel to preach. After the New York Conference—"much business and little sleep"—he left, with thanks to a friend for—"new clothing and a little money: better than £500 per annum."

Halting at the hospitable home of Judge White, Maryland, he found lawyers attending court, who were curious to know who these strangers in black might be. "Gentlemen on very important business," said the hostess; "Mr. Asbury and his preachers." "Then I must have my horse," said one. But on Mrs. White's persuasion he remained, and was so taken with the new-comers that he invited Mr. Asbury to his home. The invitation was accepted and an evening pleasantly spent with the professional men of Dover. The lawyer's wife, Mrs. Bassett, was drawn to the services, and converted.

Returning to America, Dr. Coke found the

ministers increased to 266 and the members to 65,980, in twenty conferences.

A GENERAL CONFERENCE

was summoned for November 1st, 1792. The duties of Bishops and Presiding Elders, the Book Concern, the financial economy and other church interests were considered.

After this memorable Conference, Asbury left for Georgia, saw the ruins of Whitefield's Orphan House, visited Virginia, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut—a tour of 3,000 miles, broken in upon by four months of illness. Yellow fever was in Philadelphia. "Ah, how the ways mourn! I judge fifty to a hundred die in a day." He made his winter-quarters in Charleston—"the seat of Satan, dissipation and folly." Of a midnight journey in North Carolina he wrote: "At length we came to Howe's Ford, in the Catawba River, without a canoe or guide, and were soon among the rocks and whirlpools. My head swam, my horse was affrighted, heavy rain, lightning and thunder. We lost our path, but fortunately found our way to old Father Harper's. 'God bless your soul, is it Brother Asbury? Wife, get up!'"

In June, 1794, he had a short rest at Baltimore. In Boston, "Like our Lord we had to preach in an upper room, but we shall yet have a work in Boston."

In a southern tour he had his usual experience —swimming rivers, wading swamps, riding in the rain by day and in the darkness by night, preaching "in weariness and painfulness," often "in perils in the wilderness," until he reached Charleston—again his home for the winter. But it was not to his taste. "I am in a furnace. May I come out purified." On leaving he preached to a large congregation and predicted a great work of the Lord in that "seat of wickedness."

In the sunny spring-time he journeyed north, traversed the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, followed the Shenandoah to its mouth, crossed the Potomac and was in Baltimore. On the 4th of July, 1795, he heard the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and shouts of liberty in New York.

New England next claimed the Bishop's attention. He stood by the grave of Embury at Ashgrove and visited Governor Van Courtland, whose princely mansion was ever open to weary itinerants.

The hospitality generously tendered by other men of wealth and position—Mr. Van Pelt, of Staten Island: Gen. Russell, in Holstein: Mr. Wells, in Charleston: Gen. Sippet, in New York; Governors Worthington and Tiffin, in Ohio; and many others—Asbury frequently accepted as a grateful relief. In Charleston,

with Mr. Wells, we find him "spending the evening with the poor slaves in the kitchen, while the stationed preacher held a sacramental love-feast in the parlor."

During his two months' stay he held a Conference, preached eighteen times, met fifteen classes, wrote eighty letters and three hundred pages, read several books and visited thirty families.

He records the death of Mrs. F. Dickenson, "as great a sufferer as I ever knew."

After the murder of her husband and children she was carried off by Indians, endured wearisome marches and hardships untold, made her escape, wandered many days without food, avoided bands of robbers, craved but failed to obtain a morsel of deer a bear was devouring, then finding a trail was uncertain, but, led to change her course by a little bird's eager fluttering and found her way to friends She lived and died a true follower of Jesus.

About fifty preachers attended Conference in Philadelphia. For the first time their small salaries had been paid in full. At the

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1796

about one hundred representatives assembled in Baltimore. Six Conferences were defined—the New England, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Virginia, South Carolina and Western. The Book Con-

cern, Education, Church Funds, Slavery and other great interests passed under review.

Moving south the ubiquitous overseer of half a continent was compelled to own the ravages of time and exposure.

With Coke and Whatcoat he rode six hundred miles. They heard the sad news of the destruction of the Baltimore church and Cokesbury College by fire. Said Asbury, "If any man should offer me £10,000 a year to do and suffer what I have done for that house, I would not take it."

Dr. Coke undertook to raise funds for a second college and a suitable building in Baltimore was bought for $22,000.

Asbury devised a school for the charity boys in Georgia, requiring $1,000 a year.

After the funeral of his old friend, Mr. Wells, Charleston, he saw Dr. Coke aboard for Ireland, February 10th, 1797.

In the balmy spring he rode a thousand miles through North Carolina and other States to New York. Intermittent fever troubled him, and for weeks he was unable to preach. At Baltimore he had the pleasure of opening the new church. He spent some months in Virginia, unable to preach, but resting and waiting. "I make no doubt," said he, "the Methodists will be a numerous and wealthy people. The preachers who follow us will not know our struggles but by

comparing the improved state of the country with what it was in our days, as told in my journals and other records."

He visited Maine and was delighted with the success of Jesse Lee. Returning he was advised by physicians to desist from preaching, but continued his course to New York. Then, in the midst of yellow fever, he attended all the Conferences to Georgia. In Charleston he preached on the death of Washington.

With Lee and Snethen he pressed on to Baltimore for the General Conference.

An earnest request from the British Conference for the release of Dr. Coke was conditionally granted. Richard Whatcoat was elected to fill the vacancy.

Asbury and his newly elected colleague were welcomed to Perry Hall. They looked upon the ruins of the college, passed through Delaware and on to the New York Conference; then to Mrs. Sherwood's for rest. Soon we find them in Boston, then away to Virginia and Kentucky.

In Tennessee they attended one of those remarkable Presbyterian gatherings—precursors of Methodist camp-meetings. "The stand was amid lofty trees. Ministers worked together with the simplicity of primitive times. Blazing fires dispelled the darkness. Shouts of the newborn, mingling with the cries of penitents, broke the silence of midnight. The weather was

delightful, as if heaven smiled while mercy flowed in abundant streams of salvation."

Great revivals spread through several States. Five, ten, fifteen thousand were found at single encampments.

In Philadelphia Asbury was laid up for a couple of months with lameness.

In August, 1801, with Whatcoat, he set off through Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, winding up with a Conference in Tennessee. After the winter in the South he visited Maine, and was at Baltimore for Conference. Hearing of the death of his mother he wrote: "For fifty years her hands, her home and her heart were open to receive the people and ministers of Christ. She was an afflicted yet most active woman. She could weep with those who wept, and rejoice with those who rejoiced. As a woman she was refined, modest and blameless: as a mother ardently affectionate."

He had recently written her, saying: "I have been afflicted by excessive labors. I move in a little carriage, being unable to ride on horseback. Were you to see me and the color of my hair—nearly that of your own! My soul exults in God."

On his way to Tennessee he saw the Natural Bridge of Virginia—"A beautiful arch thrown over the chasm, 160 feet above the stream."

With McKendree he surveyed the bristling

ramparts of Westpoint. Crossing the Cumberland, night overtook them and a tent was their resting place. "McKendree had to lift me from my horse like a helpless child. For my sickness and sufferings I am indebted to sleeping uncovered in the wilderness."

In South Carolina he predicted—"There will be thousands of the poor slaves converted to God!" The thousands have become hundreds of thousands. At Boston he laments—"Poor New England! She is the valley of dry bones still. Come, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." After the New York Conference in 1803 he was away to Kentucky. He visited an old friend, Dr. Hinde, who had come to America with Gen. Wolfe. When his wife and daughter became Methodists he was greatly irritated; but their meekness and fortitude led to his conversion.

Overtaking hundreds travelling westward Asbury wrote: "A man who is well mounted may scorn to complain when he sees women and children, with little to eat, paddling barefoot or laboring up the rocky ascent. We must take care to send preachers after these people."

On his return he spent a night in a cabin with drunken hunters. One of them professed to be seeking religion and said a Baptist minister had broken him of swearing. Presently the Bishop heard his voice in loud profanity, and quickly

opening the door said, "I find you can lie and swear both!" "I beg your pardon, Bishop." "Ask pardon of God, and that right speedily or iniquity will prove your ruin!" The Bishop opened his Bible, gave a short address and had a peaceful night.

By the General Conference of 1804 his health was much better. Dr. Coke remained in England. Good reports cheered all hearts. "The Gospel, by our ministry, has made glorious progress through the seventeen United States, the Territories and Canadian provinces. There are now more than 100,000 souls in fellowship with us, and perhaps six times as many looking to us for ministerial service. We have upwards of 400 travelling preachers besides about 2,000 local preachers and exhorters."

In 1805 Asbury entered Cincinnati, ever extending the borders of Zion and finding new fields for his laborers.

With Gen. Putnam he spent a pleasant evening, closing with service in the splendid ballroom. "Here," said the Bishop, "they were wont to worship the devil, but let us worship God." No more balls, it is said, were given there. Ten days they spent among log cabins, ornamented with the antlers of deer, wild-cat skins and turkey wings.

The Bishop was ever a wise counsellor, and his presence in public gatherings was the signal for

awakenings and conversions. A word in season, morning and evening worship made his visits memorable.

Finley tells of a daughter whose father gave a grand party, thinking to drive away her religious notions. Leading her to the piano he asked for one of his favorite songs. In a clear full voice she sang Charles Wesley's lines—

> "No room for mirth or trifling here,
> For worldly hope or worldly fear.
> If life so soon is gone;
> If now the Judge is at the door,
> And all mankind must stand before
> The inexorable throne!"

Scarcely had she finished the first stanza when he withdrew in tears. Her victory was complete. She sang the songs of Zion until called to swell the music of the skies.

With renewed vigor Asbury wended his way south—300 miles a week. In the Green Mountains, Vermont, he narrowly escaped falling over a precipice. "Never in my life have I been in such apparent danger; but the Lord saves man and beast." After a Conference in Boston he attended the first gathering of his preachers in Ohio—sixty-six pioneers, inured to hardship.

He joined a caravan of covered waggons on their way thirty or forty miles to a camp-meeting, preached to the assembled thousands and

joined in the triumphant shouts of their feast of tabernacles.

Beset by hostile Indians he pressed on to the frontier settlements on the Great Niami; then to Cincinnati, saying—"I am young again, able to ride 5,000 miles in ten months! My round will embrace the United States, the Territory and Canada. But, oh! Childhood, Youth, Old Age —ye are all vanity!"

From the General Conference of 1808 Asbury missed both his colleagues, Whatcoat having died and Coke being detained in England. To assist him William McKendree was elected.

Journeying south he was sadly crippled with rheumatism. With the company of Henry Boehm and the aid of crutches he reached Ohio. By the time they entered Cincinnati he was able to walk, preach and hold Conferences. With a company of fifty he started through the wilderness for North and South Carolina. With McKendree, in a thirty-dollar chaise, he exclaims—"What Bishops! But we have great times. The Western, Southern and Virginia Conferences will each have a thousand souls truly converted to God: and is not that equivalent for a light purse? And are we not well paid for starving and toil? Yes, glory to God!"

Of eighty-four preachers in the Virginia Conference only three were married.

Laws forbidding the instruction of slaves greatly hindered the efforts of the itinerants.

Proceeding north, Asbury was so weak that he was unable to stand while preaching. Yet again he crossed the mountains, preaching in court houses, camp-meetings and "fair Cincinnati." In South Carolina, 1810, he writes: "I spoke in great weakness—must change my course. Sometimes I am ready to cry out: Lord, take me home to rest! Courage, my soul!"

Arriving in New York he found the city devastated by fire; but says: "The Society has increased. They wish to rebuild John Street Church."

From Vermont he made for Canada with Henry Boehm, who writes: "For many years Asbury had an ardent desire to visit Canada. He had regularly heard of the work there since he sent Wm. Losee in 1791. Our guide was the Rev. B. Smith, of Cornwall. Crossing Lake Champlain we reached the Indian Village, St. Regis. We hired four Indians to row us over the St. Lawrence. They lashed three canoes together and put our horses in them—their fore feet in one and their hind feet in another. It was a singular load—three canoes, three passengers, three horses and four Indians, and all safely over for four dollars. We

ARRIVED IN CANADA, JULY 1ST, 1811,

landing at Cornwall, and about midnight reached

the hospitable dwelling of Evan Roise, who hailed the Bishop's arrival with joy. The next day he preached. Henry Ryan and I exhorted. He preached again the next day, held a love-feast and administered the Lord's Supper. On Friday the Bishop preached in Matilda. I followed him in German. He was delighted. "Here is a loving people. My s ul is much united to them." I called upon Father Dulmage and Brother Heck, a branch of an old Irish stock of Methodists in New York. On Saturday we rode twelve miles before breakfast to Brother Boyce's, Elizabethtown, where we attended the Quarterly Meeting. The Bishop w rote: "Our ride br ught us through one of the finest countries I have ever seen. The timber is of a noble size; the cattle are well shaped and well looking: the crops are abundant on a most fruitful soil. Surely this is a land the Lord hath blessed." On Monday we proceeded to Col. Stone's, Gananoque Falls. Father Asbury was very lame, from inflammatory rheumatism. Tuesday we reached Elias Dulmage's, and Bishop Asbury preached in the first town—Kingston—church. We were in Canada just a fortnight. Everywhere the Bishop was treated as the angel of the churches. He was so poorly he could not proceed on his journey. We left Kingston on Monday, in an open sail-boat, for Sackett's

Harbor." Soon after his return the tireless itinerant was off on extended tours.

In Charleston he writes: "Scarcely have I seen so much harmony and love. There are eighty-five preachers and an increase of 3,308." The first day of 1812 he spent in meditation, writing and prayer. At the General Conference a letter was read from Dr. Coke declaring his purpose to go to India. Asbury read an address on the state of the work and his administration, which was received with hearty approval.

This was the last General Conference the venerable Bishop attended.

He sought rest among friends, and when somewhat recruited met a Conference at Albany and another at Lynn. There he read the President's declaration of war against Great Britain, and said: "I feel a deep concern for the Old and the New World. Calamity and suffering are coming upon them both." Crossing the mountains "we had a strange medley of preachers, drovers, beasts on four legs and beasts on two—made so by whiskey."

At a camp-meeting, being asked to address a company of men under arms, he began:

> "Soldiers of Christ, arise
> And put your armor on:"

and preached from John the Baptist's words to the soldiers.

In Ohio he reviewed the work of ten months—6,000 miles, nine conferences and ten camp-meetings.

In Kentucky he preached in the House of Representatives. At the Nashville Conference the increase was 8,000, and at Charleston 18,000 for the year. He gave a valedictory address on the general economy and government of the church. From State to State he still urged his way, like another Moses, addressing the elders with farewell words. "In the year 1774 I first visited Virginia and North Carolina; in 1785, South Carolina and Georgia with annual visits until now, 1814. I suppose I have crossed the Alleghanies sixty times." For some months he was much afflicted, but "with attentions constant and kindness increasing, my strength increases daily. My friends in Philadelphia gave me a light four-wheeled carriage: but God and the Baltimore Conference a richer present—John Wesley Bond for a travelling companion."

War tidings caused great concern. The British had burned the public buildings in Washington. At the Albany Conference Asbury preached a memorial sermon for Dr. Coke—"Of blessed mind and soul: a gentleman, a scholar and a Bishop to us."

In June, 1815, the intrepid leader of the hosts of Zion addressed his farewell to New York and soon after to Philadelphia. On the defeat of

Napoleon he wrote: "The time is coming that all kings must acknowledge the King of kings or feel the rod of the Son of God."

To McKendree he stated the impossibility of continuing, at threescore and ten, his arduous labors, and suggested necessary arrangements.

After Conference at Lexington he wrote: "My eyes fail. I will resign the stations to Bishop McKendree. It is the fiftieth year of my ministry. My mind enjoys great peace and divine consolation. Whether life or death, good is the will of the Lord." His Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament were his daily companions. His journals bear testimony to his constant and various reading, and apt criticisms indicate his accurate discrimination. Without the learning of the schools he was yet "a workman that needed not to be ashamed." When not travelling he would rise at four, spend two hours in prayer and meditation, two in reading and study and one in recreation and conversation. He retired early after an hour of meditation and prayer. He was a careful correspondent and many of his letters have been published.

When unable to walk to the house of God he was borne in the arms of his brethren, and in sitting posture delivered his last messages.

He was anxious to attend the General Conference of 1816 in Baltimore, and on the 29th of March reached the door of his old friend, Mr.

George Arnold, near Fredericksburg, Va. The next day was spent in weariness and suffering. On Sunday morning, at family devotion, his travelling companion read the 21st chapter of Revelation. As the service closed the Bishop's head reclined, and his spirit calmly and quickly took its flight.

In the presence of a large assembly, with appropriate services, his body was laid to rest in Mr. Arnold's family burying-ground. At the request of the people of Baltimore it was afterwards removed to their city and placed in a vault, over which the following epitaph was inscribed:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
HE WAS BORN IN ENGLAND, AUGUST 20TH, 1745;
ENTERED THE MINISTRY AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN;
CAME A MISSIONARY TO AMERICA, 1771;
WAS ORDAINED BISHOP IN THIS CITY, DEC. 27TH, 1784;
ANNUALLY VISITED THE CONFERENCES IN THE
UNITED STATES;
WITH MUCH ZEAL CONTINUED TO "PREACH THE WORD"
FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY;
AND LITERALLY ENDED HIS LABORS WITH HIS LIFE,
NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA,
IN THE FULL TRIUMPH OF FAITH, ON THE
31ST OF MARCH, 1816,
AGED 70 YEARS, 7 MONTHS AND 11 DAYS.

WILLIAM BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK.

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island.

1760-1834.

IN fostering the memory of her pioneers in the provinces of British North America, the Methodist Church of to-day recalls with peculiar pleasure and gratitude the name and labors of William Black, one of the first to scatter the precious gospel seed upon the virgin soil of Britain's grandest possession.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

In Huddersfield, Yorkshire, in 1760, William Black was born. With an uncle at Oxley, he had early school advantages. While there he had a narrow escape from being drowned. He fell head-first into a trough of water in which his uncle had put a trout for the boy's amusement. After a few years his yearning for home overcame his love of school, and he returned unexpectedly.

In the spring of 1775 the family emigrated, and settled in Amherst, Nova Scotia.

To his mother William was indebted for faith-

ful religious instruction. In his new home with ungodly companions, he rushed eagerly into vain and sinful delights.

When he was about nineteen years of age a few Methodists from the Old Country began holding prayer meetings. Soon among many anxious inquirers were William and his brothers. For weeks the meetings were continued, deepening into a genuine revival. Several of these young men entered into an agreement to abandon their evil ways. Deeper and deeper sank the shafts of conviction into their awakened consciences.

After whole nights of wrestling prayer William

WAS CONVERTED

and entered into the peace and joy of a living faith in Christ. In the dawning of a new life he persuaded other members of the family to seek the same blessed experience. He set up a family altar in his father's house, chose for companions such as feared God, devoted his time to reading and prayer, remembered the Sabbath and found great delight in religious services. Seasons of temptation and great darkness came upon him. The assaults of the enemy were wily and fierce, but he girded on the armor and was not worsted. His influence upon his father and brothers encouraged him.

He wrote Mr. Wesley, and received answers which greatly helped him. His concern for

others became deep and constant. Seldom would he pass man, woman or child without praying for them and dropping a word in season.

At a gathering a young man proposed a dance, uttered a jesting grace, then left in a rage on young Black's mild but firm remonstrance. After two years this young man confessed his error and asked to be prayed for.

Frequent success intensified his efforts. "I longed vehemently," he said, "that all should know the preciousness of Christ, and could not refrain from weeping, scarcely from speaking." In the prayer meetings he told his experience, taking part in exhortation and prayer. His lips were touched with the live coal, and his tongue was loosed. Tenderly as earnestly he besought all to be reconciled to God. To other places where invited he went and his word was with power. Homes and hearts were opened. Old and young began to inquire the way to Zion. Destitution of the means of grace was general. Some zealous brethren assisted him, dividing their labors among several settlements, "the Lord working with them." The captain of a garrison, instigated by the church minister, broke up one of their meetings, taking twenty prisoners: but soon released them, seeing his error. This occurrence fanned the flame and helped the work. The preaching of the Rev. Henry Alline, from Falmouth, N.S., seemed to promise good: but his

mystical notions and especially his depreciation of Mr. Wesley's teachings led to division and disaster. Some two hundred, however, gathered in classes, stood for the faith as it is in Jesus.

The calls for Mr. Black's services became so frequent that from earnest exhortations he passed almost necessarily to more carefully prepared expositions. Under his preaching at Petitcodiac River, in the spring of 1781, the sword of the Spirit pierced so deeply that fifty years afterwards the victories of those early days were recounted with triumph. In November, 1781, on coming of age, the eager evangelist, yielding to conviction of duty amid providential openings, committed himself unreservedly to the work of the Lord. He set off on a second visit to Petitcodiac, preaching as he went, and cheered by seeing the seed sown by many waters springing up. In the end of the month he witnessed good results at Amherst, Fort Lawrence, Prospect and other places. But soon tares appeared among the wheat—destructive heresies of Mr. Alline's sowing.

Thus far Mr. Black had labored without the ordinary human credentials for the ministry. Born in a family nominally Methodist and born again under Methodistic teaching, he began immediately to work with the material at hand. He had heard the call of God and gone out, not knowing whither he went. Taught by the

Word and led by the Spirit, he traversed the wilderness of Nova Scotia, calling men to repentance, and the seal of God rested upon his labors. Like Wesley, whose life and works he studied, he believed in Providence and looked for direction. He was surrounded by a population of some twelve thousand, almost wholly destitute of religious teachings. In a few years the beneficial effects of his labors were seen and acknowledged from end to end of the Province. Everywhere his visits, conversation and preaching were followed by awakenings and conversions. The converts were gathered into classes, and the best arrangement practicable made for their instruction. He continued his itinerant rounds, repeating his visits when able.

Amid incessant journeyings and not infrequent perils he sought to keep his walk close with God. Reverses and opposition were made to contribute to fervency of spirit, as he declared, "I know not that I ever felt a stronger desire after holiness."

Though the laborers were few and the services only occasional, steady progress was made in Cumberland. But around and beyond the field was vast, and the destitution appealed urgently to Mr. Black's sympathetic spirit. He sailed for Windsor, preached at Cornwallis, and from house to house testified to all "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus

Christ." Many owned the Word to be "the power of God unto salvation." Yet some arose, declaring Mr. Black "no minister of Christ"—"not a Christian at all, but a minister of Antichrist." On the 7th of February he formed the first class in Windsor: on the 11th he preached in Halifax, where "few seemed to care about their souls." "Oh, what a town for wickedness is this! And yet I cannot but hope to see a blessed work in this place." On the 16th the first love-feast was held in Windsor—"a season of weeping and rejoicing." In Halifax the good seed was taking root. At Cornwallis the congregations grew rapidly. From Halifax earnest entreaties drew Mr. Black to Granville, Annapolis and Horton, where he witnessed a great shaking among the dry bones. At Amherst he was pained to find the society invaded by Antinomian mysticism and about seventy members drawn away. In a fortnight he had reorganized the classes and appointed new leaders, laying more firmly the foundations for permanent prosperity. Responding to other cries, "Come over and help us," he hastened to Tantramar, Hillsborough and the head of Petitcodiac River, where the hand of the Lord was with him, silencing if not convincing noisy gainsayers, while many wanderers returned to the fold. His friends endeavored to prevent his return to Halifax, where the *press law* was

in operation, lest he should be impressed into His Majesty's service. But where duty called he went without fear, and was allowed to pursue his work unmolested.

A sermon preached at Windsor was attended with such powerful influences that many requested its publication. Mr. Black yielded to their importunity—for the first and last time. At Horton, with Rev. Mr. Benecraft, he held a lengthy argument on the total corruption of the human heart, in which he successfully maintained the doctrine as taught in the Scriptures. Fresh conflicts with mysticism awaited him at Tantramar. At Hillsborough he was besieged by a company of plunderers, who went to hear him preach. Some of them were melted to tears. Amid their depredations he met them again and earnestly warned them. They left, saying they would go twenty miles to get clear of that preacher: but went on stealing sheep and oxen, robbing mills and leaving families destitute.

Amid incessant labors, though buoyant with hope and not lacking cheering evidence of divine approval, Mr. Black was wont to bemoan the weakness of his faith, his lack of zeal and to write bitter things against himself. Constantly he regretted the lack of early intellectual discipline. Though late he indulged the hope of spending a year or two in Mr. Wesley's school at Kingswood, and made application

when writing for more laborers. Mr. Wesley held out some hope of sending men, and reminded him that piety without learning was better than learning without piety; that the field was too vast and the harvest too pressing for him then to be spared. Being called upon by a young enthusiast who claimed to be led by the Spirit, Mr. Black showed him his errors, whereon he became very angry, even furious as if under demoniacal influence.

When calmed by conversation and prayer he confessed a desire to tear out Mr. Black's eyes or take his life, but could not. He visited the garrison to see an awakened soldier, but the General was greatly exasperated, and swore that "not one of the Methodists shall go near him."

While preaching to the Dutch one or two fell down, wringing their hands in great distress. Leaving Halifax he preached at Liverpool, the Falls, and on the east side of the river, where some were under conviction, others praising the Lord, and the services continuing until midnight. A stranger wrote asking for prayer, and was converted. He was drowned soon after in Liverpool harbor.

At Shelburne some noisy, profane men attempted to attack the preacher, but the people arose in his defence. From Liverpool, where many awakenings and conversions took place, he passed on to Windsor.

The peculiar teachings of Mr. Alline were proving so prejudicial to Mr. Black and his work that he wrote Mr. Wesley for advice, and received for reply: "Go on your way exactly as if there were no such person in the world: that in his works he would find refutation of all such errors," and referred to some tracts he might use.

"My great advice," wrote Wesley, "to those who are united together is, let brotherly love continue! Hold the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace! Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Such advice suited the conciliatory spirit of his correspondent, who, by such means, though with little success, sought to appease the wrath of his opponent. He went on with his work cheered by some remarkable conversions.

In the end of 1784, after repeated requests, he, for the first time,

VISITED PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,

and remained about a fortnight preaching in Charlottetown, St. Peter's, etc., grieved to find the people so generally strangers to true religion.

Returning he was seized with sudden illness, fell upon the deck, and was only saved by the main boom from falling into the sea.

On the 17th of February, 1784, Mr. Black was married to Miss Mary Gay, of Cumberland, a union owned of God and a source of mutual

blessing for many years. To Mrs. Black's many estimable traits of character her husband was greatly indebted for the successes of his lengthened career.

Her conversion was clear, and she cast in her lot with the Methodists when they were much spoken against. Her life was a beautiful example of Christianity. Mr. Black had to forego his strong desire to attend an educational institution, but he earnestly endeavored to supply the lack by private study, and took up not only the general subjects in English of a ministerial education, but became also a careful reader of the Greek New Testament, and acquired some knowledge of Latin.

In many of these studies Mrs. Black became a companion and helper. Mr. Wesley, writing in 1784, advised close affiliation with

THE SOCIETIES IN THE UNITED STATES,

under the superintendence of Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury. Mr. Black accordingly endeavored to keep in close touch with American Methodism, attending some of their Conferences and studying their methods. In Boston and other places his visits were long remembered.

In April, 1784, he was at Windsor, Halifax, Shelburne and places adjacent. At Birchtown he found a remarkable revival among the blacks, promoted chiefly by a poor negro who could

neither see, walk nor stand. They had nearly 200 members, in fourteen classes.

In May, at Liverpool, he witnessed encouraging displays of divine mercy, then sailed for Halifax. He walked forty five miles to Windsor, where he received a letter from his wife regretting his long absence but bidding him good-speed in the name of the Lord.

By the end of the month he was at Cumberland. The society was very low, but quickly a revival broke out and kept him busy until September. To enter the many opening doors was impossible. In quest of help he set out for Baltimore. In Boston he preached twice. Some conversions rewarded his efforts.

In New York, a stranger upon a hazardous mission, his faith well-nigh failed. He went to the pulpit in deep dejection. But a beautiful and inspiring text came to him: "Consider the lilies, how they grow." "Shall he not much more clothe you?" The clouds dispersed and he was filled with joyful confidence. In October he met Mr. Whatcoat in Maryland, and had the pleasure of travelling with him for a week. A few weeks later, to his great joy, he fell in with Dr. Coke, heard him preach, and received from his hands the symbols of the Saviour's dying love. They visited Perry Hall, near Baltimore, a costly mansion built by Mr Gough. He had formerly been much opposed to Methodists and to his

wife for attending their services; but when Mr. Asbury came to preach, one of his friends said: "Let us go and hear him." He went, was awakened, and returning said to his wife, "My Dear, I shall never again hinder you from hearing the Methodists." In great distress he withdrew from a company of friends to implore mercy, and while on his knees was set at liberty. He returned saying: "I have found the Methodist blessing!"

Mr. Black attended the

CONFERENCE IN BALTIMORE,

December 24th, 1784, at which Freeborn Garretson and James O. Cromwell were appointed to Nova Scotia. "Perhaps," said he, "such a number of zealous, godly men never before met together in Maryland, perhaps not on the continent of America."

Messrs. Garretson and Cromwell were soon on their way to their new and distant field. Mr. Black returned by Boston to meet his wife, and remained there until May, earning the honor of introducing Methodism into that great seaport, He began preaching in a private house. The floor gave way under the crowd. A larger place was secured, but there also the timbers failed. They repaired to a school-house, but it also proved unequal to the strain. A meeting-house was offered and accepted, but failed to

hold the thousands anxious to hear. The Rev. Mr. Stillman opened his church, but it also was too small. Finally the Rev. Mr. Elliott invited the zealous Methodist preacher to his church, where the congregations were estimated at three thousand.

Mr Black's power to draw and hold the masses lay not in popular talent, but in his being filled with the Holy Ghost. To his sojourn in Boston he ever looked back with gratitude; nor was it forgotten by his hearers, some of whom welcomed him again to their city after thirty years. In the end of May he reached Halifax, where Mr. Garretson had been three months at work. He had written Mr. Wesley and also Dr. Coke of the work he was undertaking and the necessities of the people. Mr. Wesley could not pledge much financial help. "You do not know," he wrote, "the state of the English Methodists. It is with the utmost difficulty that we can raise five or six hundred pounds a year to supply our contingent expenses: so that it is entirely impracticable to raise five hundred pounds to build houses in America." Mr. Garretson became much endeared to the people: but to him the country was strange. Coming again to Cumberland, the scene of marvellous displays of divine power, Mr. Black was pained to find general laxity in regard to the means of grace and dangerous worldliness invading the

societies. As a corrective he wrote and circulated an earnest and scriptural epistle, warning his people against the spirit, maxims and diversions of the world: and with much tenderness urging a decided return to the simplicity, devotion and faithfulness of former years, that times of refreshing might be granted.

With zeal unquenchable he undertook a circuit of almost the entire Province.

Starting in July, 1785, he visited Horton, Granville, Annapolis and Digby, resuscitating the societies, and returned by Cornwallis, Horton, Falmouth and Windsor. In Liverpool and Shelburne he found fruit from the labors of Garretson and Cromwell.

The winter he spent on the Cumberland Circuit and returned in the spring to Halifax. The society was reorganized and increased by conversions. Mr. Alexander Anderson, a graduate of one of the Scottish universities, with no predilection for Methodism, was led through Mr. Black's preaching into a living faith in Christ. For nearly half a century, as leader and local preacher, he lived a pattern of piety and a pillar in the Church.

Writing Mr. Wesley, Mr. Black referred to the declensions and signs of reviving: "With us," replied Wesley, "there has been no intermission at all for seven and forty years, but the work of God has been continually increasing."

Mr. Black highly prized his fellow-laborers and kept up frequent communication. So much did he think of Garretson, his spirit and work, that he urged his appointment as their General Superintendent.

The fewness of the men and the vastness of their field made frequent meetings impossible. They therefore arranged for an annual District Meeting. The first was held in October, 1786, at Halifax. They carefully reviewed the interests of the work, and agreed upon their appointments for the ensuing year. Mr. Black and Mr. Garretson had Halifax, Annapolis, Granville, Digby, Horton and Windsor, a circuit large enough for all their men. In many fields tares were found springing up among the wheat. Mr. Black's acquaintance with the prevailing errors proved instructive and helpful to his colleague, and they found that—

> "Two are better far than one,
> For counsel or for fight."

In warning the ungodly, directing inquirers, and finding access to the public mind Mr. Black made frequent use of pen and press.

Many of his letters to individuals testify to his deep concern for their salvation, and reveal his skill in discovering and removing hindrances, settling disturbing questionings and guiding wanderers into the way of life.

In Mr. Garretson he found friend, companion and counsellor, and was much concerned about his return when, in 1787, he left for the Conference in Baltimore. Even with so good a helper his labors were excessive—one to two hundred miles in the saddle every week, besides Sunday preaching in Halifax.

A letter from Dr. Coke, with the prospect of a visit, greatly cheered him. It turned out a disappointment, however, for the vessel on which he sailed was driven by contrary winds to the West Indies. These contrary winds were in the hands of the Great Disposer, and wafted the Gospel and its messengers to shores where darkness reigned, and opened the way for a lasting work in the islands.

He received a sympathetic letter from Mr. Wesley, who desired to be kept well informed of the work. Amid many discouragements there was ever some good news to report. Individual conversions or wide-spread revivals were constant. In the month of May he had been aiding an extensive revival in Liverpool.

Returning in June to Halifax he was immediately pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. He had sent to the Conference his earnest desire regarding Mr. Garretson, in harmony with the views of Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke, and was looking eagerly for his return. But the Confer-

ence appointed him elsewhere, and sent Jessop and Hickson in his stead.

At the second Nova Scotia District Meeting, October, 1787, there were present—Messrs. Black, John and James Mann, Grandine and Jessop. Their session was cheered by news of revival in New York and Virginia, in which fifty to a hundred were converted in a day.

An eye-witness wrote: "My pen cannot convey an idea of the mighty power of God as there displayed. I never saw the tenth part of such a work. Before the preachers began to speak the power of God came down. Hundreds of sinners began to cry aloud for mercy and saints to rejoice and pray for them. Congregations of five thousand and at least five hundred conversions. On two or three circuits within two months about one thousand souls have found peace with God. Glory to the dying Lamb forever!"

With the good-will of the brethren Mr. Black continued his oversight of all the societies.

From Shelburne, November, 1787, he wrote a special pastoral to the members in Halifax. For himself at the beginning of 1788, as was his custom, he solemnly renewed his covenant with God. The early months proved seasons of fiery trial begetting heaviness. A tinge of depression seemed inseparable from his mental constitution, and his diary reveals many quick

transitions from valley to mountain top—checking his chidings and forebodings with "Arise! Arise! and in the strength of God resolve."

He met the brethren at Halifax in May. Visiting Shelburne, Barrington, Cape Negro, Port Latore, Port Medway and Halifax he found signs of prosperity.

For the grounding of his people in [illegible] essential doctrines he preached a series of sermons on man - from Eden, through the fall, redemption, resurrection and ascension. In reading the lives of Whitefield, Fletcher and other servants of God he gathered instruction and inspiration.

Like Wesley he read and pondered the searching suggestions of Cecil, and kept on his guard against being dead while yet having a name to live. Entering another year he records many wise resolutions. "May the life I live be by faith in the Son of God!" Living in Windsor he found the Sabbaths and the services sources of great joy. He traversed the townships of Windsor, Falmouth and Horton, cheered by evidence that his labor was not in vain.

Domestic affliction came—three children ill and the eldest daughter scarcely expected to recover; but after a few weeks he writes thankfully, "Celia is recovering fast, also Martin and William. Glory be to God!" A still sorer trial

came in the serious illness of Mrs. Black, but she also recovered.

If the conversion of souls be a seal to the Christian ministry, this evidence was not lacking. Yet up to this time Mr. Black had received no formal ordination. As Dr. Coke was to attend the Conference in Philadelphia, he arranged to be there that he might be ordained. He was then appointed Superintendent over the societies in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland. This additional responsibility he accepted with much diffidence. In December, 1789, he wrote Mr. Wesley, desiring his counsel. He reported 575 members, of whom fifty were added since his last letter, Mr. Wesley replied with lessons from his own experience, and bidding him follow the openings of Providence.

Authority to administer the Sacraments was a great satisfaction, and he accepted it as a necessary qualification for the full work of the ministry. A detailed report was acknowledged by Mr. Wesley, then in age and feebleness extreme but breathing the ardor and intensity of earlier years. "Never was there throughout England, Scotland and Ireland so great a thirst for the pure Word of God as there is at this day. The same we find in the little islands of Man, Wight, Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney. I have just finished my route through Scotland, where I never had such congregations before. So it

pleases God to give me a little more to do before He calls me hence."

In order to secure more preachers Mr. Black left for the New York Conference, May, 1791. He was just in time to meet Dr. Coke before his sudden departure for England on account of the death of the venerable Wesley. He attended the Philadelphia Conference, and was much impressed by the wisdom, grace and prudence of Mr. Asbury.

A week later, at the New York Conference, six preachers were assigned to Nova Scotia. This was an eventful year in Mr. Black's life.

HE SAILED FOR NEWFOUNDLAND,

arriving at St. John's on the 10th of August. At Carbonear he found Mr. McGeary disheartened and about to abandon the field. Slight evidence remained of Mr. Coughlan's labors.

Under Mr. Black's first sermon the clouds began to break. After the service thirty-seven met in class. In the evening the house was full. Through the week many were crying for mercy. At Harbor Grace a general concern for salvation was awakened. "May they know the day of their visitation! O God, carry on thy work, and enable me to be faithful."

"'Tis worth living for this—
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name."

The next Sabbath at Port-a-Grave and Bay Roberts he preached to several hundreds, met a large class and added some new converts. At Harbor Grace scores were seeking mercy. At Blackhead and Freshwater the Holy Ghost fell upon the people, and the saved of the Lord were many.

Sunday, September 1st, was a memorable day in Harbor Grace, followed by other days and nights of salvation, "resulting in a large accession to the Methodist society and the dawn of that brighter day, which has since shone upon our mission in the island." Not less than two hundred conversions were reported during his brief visit to Conception Bay. "I think I never had so affecting a parting from any people before."

"Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will:
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think or speak or do:
Take my heart! but make it new!"

These seasons of triumph were a preparation for discouragement and opposition awaiting him at Halifax. The chapel, owned by an individual, was denied him, and immediate efforts became necessary for the erection of another. Subscriptions were offered freely and a beginning made. He visited Horton, Granville, Annapolis and Digby; then passed over to

ST. JOHN, N.B.,

where his time was taken up "twixt the mount and multitude." Witnessing the desecration of the Lord's Day by certain ship-builders he spoke of it in his evening sermon. These men retaliated by charging him before the Clerk of the Peace with contempt of the law in preaching without a license. Such were the technicalities of existing laws and the unjust discrimination made against all ministers not of the Church of England, that Mr. Black, after some weeks of pastoral labor, deemed it advisable to return to Halifax.

At this juncture he sadly missed his friend and adviser, but found a substitute in Dr Coke, who continued his oversight of the provinces.

In February, 1792, the District Meeting was held at Windsor. A revival was in progress, and towards the erection of a chapel money was freely subscribed. At St. John, under Mr. Bishop, also at Fredericton and Sheffield there were signs of prosperity. At St. Stephen's he tarried with Mr. McColl, who, while in the navy, had been converted. Though brought up a rigid Calvinist he had become an earnest Methodist and was then the minister in charge of a spiritually minded flock. In May Mr. Black returned to St. John, heard Mr. Bishop's farewell sermon and administered the Lord's Supper. He attended the General Conference at Balti-

more in October, and secured five additional preachers. At the earnest desire of Dr. Coke, Mr. Black was transferred to the West India Islands, and Mr. Harper appointed his successor. Dr. Coke and Mr. Black visited St. Eustatius, but were repelled by the despotic Government. Persecution and wickedness prevailed. On the 2nd of January, 1793, they reached St. Christopher's and found about 1,500 colored people in society. At St. Vincent, the minister, Mr. Lamb, was in prison for preaching. They attended the Conference at Antigua, where thirteen preachers were in session. Mr. Black, with Mr. Baxter, made a tour of St. Kitts, where he was to reside, preaching several times. In March he returned to Nova Scotia for his family.

The new chapel at Halifax was completed. His few months' absence had convinced his brethren that a stranger could not supply his place, and they sent an urgent request to Dr. Coke for his return. This was allowed, and entering afresh upon his providential work, he

VISITED PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The revival under Mr. Grandine had continued for two years. At Charlottetown Joshua Newton had the nucleus of a flourishing society.

At their annual meeting, 1794, 1,100 members were reported. Dr. Coke's expected visit was again unavoidably postponed.

Strongly as Mr. Black was bound to the land of his adoption he cherished the hope of some day returning to his native land. An opportunity to visit England came in 1800, and a hearty welcome was given him by ministers and people. In 1804 the population of Nova Scotia was estimated at 60,000, and that of New Brunswick at 25,000.

In Halifax population and trade were variable, depending much on the military or naval force, peace or war. These fluctuations seriously affected the Society, then numbering 150 with a congregation of 900. Liverpool, Shelburne, Annapolis and Windsor reported some progress, also Cumberland, where, twenty-four years before, Mr. Black had begun his ministry. River St. John, N.B., had three chapels and 200 members: the City St. John a chapel holding 400, with 80 in Society: St. Stephen two chapels and 70 members. Dr. Coke was anxious for Mr. Black's presence in Bermuda, but his plans failed. He renewed his efforts a couple of years later, but the preachers, in their District Meeting, unanimously requested that he be allowed to remain, and that his superintendency be extended to Newfoundland.

The spiritual depression deplored in 1804 gave place a year or two later to a rising tide of prosperity, spreading from Liverpool, N.S., to St. John, N.B. In the latter city, under Rev.

Joshua Marsden, seventy members were added in three weeks. Barrington, Annapolis and other places rejoiced in glorious harvests. "Within twelve months past the Lord has poured out His Spirit abundantly in many parts of this province. The kingdom of God is enlarging." Joshua Newton wrote: "The Lord has done and is still doing great things for Liverpool. His Spirit is poured out upon old men and maidens, young men and children. Though we have prayed for this blessing we stand amazed at the work."

By 1812 Mr. Black's incessant labors and increasing infirmities compelled him to retire, as a supernumerary, but he continued to render many valuable services to the Church. In 1816, with the Rev. Wm. Bennet, he was sent by the British Conference to the American General Conference on the important embassy of adjusting their relations to the Canadian work. To secure, if possible, a friendly transfer of American interests was the object sought.

The delegates were welcomed by the Conference and their proposal duly considered, but declined. This decision rendered collision in the Canadian field almost unavoidable. Eventually the question of ecclesiastical jurisdiction was set at rest by the Canadian church asking and receiving independence, then uniting with the English Conference.

During his years of retirement Mr. Black resided in Halifax, from which centre he made frequent and acceptable visits to former fields.

In 1820 he took a tour among old friends in the United States. The change from his first visit in 1784 was very great. The churches in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other places indicated the general increase in forty years from 1,800 to 250,000 members. One conference had become eleven, with an annual increase of 60 ministers and 15,000 members.

But exhilarating as were the incidents of travel and friendship they failed to reinvigorate his wasting energies. He had served his generation, by the will of God, and realized how unequal he had become to any but the lightest services.

In 1823, being unable to attend the District Meeting, he sent the brethren a fatherly letter full of gratitude, resignation and hope.

He still used his pen and greatly enjoyed correspondence with many friends. In 1827 he was called to part with his chosen companion, who for nearly half a century had been the light of his home, the solace of his griefs and the cheerful sharer of his burdens. A tablet to her memory was placed in the Halifax chapel. Not in Halifax alone, but through the provinces and beyond, the name of Mrs. Black was as ointment

poured forth. A son, Samuel, died a year before his mother, and a daughter, Mrs. J. A. Barry, a few years later.

On the 6th of September, 1834, the call came suddenly to himself. It was the time of the cholera and under an attack his feeble strength gave way speedily. "All is well!" he said, "All is peace! No fear, no doubt. Let Him do as He will. He knows best." With "God bless you! All is well" upon his lips, he closed his eyes in death.

A sermon was preached by the Rev. R. Knight from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8: "I have fought a good fight I have finished my course," etc.

A memorial tablet was placed in the chapel, where he had so often preached, bearing the following inscription—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE REVEREND WILLIAM BLACK,
WHOSE LABORS IN THE GOSPEL MINISTRY FOR
HALF A CENTURY HAVE BEEN ACKNOWLEDGED
WITH DISTINGUISHED APPROBATION BY THE
GREAT HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

For many years he was the General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where he is justly deemed the Father of Methodism. To his labors, prudence and paternal care is the

Church in Halifax much indebted for its rise, increase and prosperity. With its history will his name be associated and his memory revered during its continuance. He entered into rest, September 8th, 1834, aged 74."

The Rev. R. Lusher wrote a fitting tribute to his memory, which the Rev. M. Richey, D.D., appended to his loving and accurate memoir of their mutual friend and brother—"*The Father of Methodism in Nova Scotia.*"

REV. MATTHEW RICHEY, D.D.

INDIAN MISSIONARIES.

PETER JONES—KAH-KE-WA-QUO-NA-BY.
1802-1856.

JOHN SUNDAY—SHA-WUN-DAIS.
1795-1875.

PETER JACOBS—PAH-TAH-SE-GAY.
1808-1858.

HENRY B. STEINHAUER.
1820-1884.

Canada.

THE conversion of our Canadian Indians to Christianity is among the most thrilling records of modern missions. As we learn from themselves—these children of the forest—the story of their first reception of the Gospel, a story so simple yet so triumphant, we involuntarily join in their rejoicing and gratitude. It seems, indeed, amazing that those but just awakened out of pagan darkness should present such abiding evidences of true Christian experience, and that they should be able so truthfully and so effectively to declare to others the great salvation. Seeing in their lives and learning from their records the wonderful change wrought in

their hearts, well may we magnify the grace of God in them.

As several of these early converts lived and labored much together, it seems but just to them and most satisfactory to our readers that we notice the main particulars in their several lives as they occur. We shall see, however, that Peter Jones was not only one of the first converts, but that he worthily maintained a foremost position both as missionary and overseer of others. While it is not our purpose to present in this brief record the lives and labors of our honored brethren, the white missionaries to the Indians, yet several of their names will incidentally appear.

PETER JONES

was born at Burlington Bay, Ontario, January 1st, 1802. His grandfather came from Wales and settled on the Hudson River, New York, before the Revolution. His father, coming to Canada as a surveyor, in laying out new townships became much associated with the Indians and married the daughter of an Ojibwa chief. Peter was the second son, and a great feast was made when he received his name—Kahkewaquonaby—"Sacred Waving Feathers." He was dedicated to the god of thunder and presented with a war club and a bunch of eagle feathers.

When quite young he went with a large party

to Genessee River, New York, and attended several Indian feasts. With bow, arrow and gun he became a great hunter.

When about nine years of age he was adopted by an Ojibwa chief, Captain Jim, who had lost his son, and was taken to the River Credit. There his new father and his people indulged in drunken frolics, while the children suffered hunger. Through exposure Peter became crippled, and his mother was sent for. She took him to Stoney Creek, thirty miles through the woods. With the return of warm weather his lameness disappeared.

In the war of 1812 the Indians greatly helped the British. With his brother he was horrified to see the dead and wounded after the battle of Stoney Creek. In 1816 Peter was sent to school and learned English. The next year his people moved to the Grand River among the Mohawks, whose fiddling and dancing proved a great attraction.

Beginning to think that the Christian religion was true and that it was a duty he owed to the Great Spirit, he was baptized in 1820 by a minister of the Church of England. But as he thought of being a Christian, the conduct of some whites—drinking, quarrelling and cheating—drove him back to the superstitions of his people, and he was the same wild Indian as before his baptism.

Against fire-water he was on his guard, thinking drunkenness a disgrace to an Indian. In the summer of 1822 he learned brick-making, and saved a little money that he might attend school. The next year he worked his father's farm on shares. From a young man, Seth Crawford, he received much instruction. In June, 1823, he attended the Ancaster camp meeting, anxious to see how the Methodists worshipped the Great Spirit in the wilderness. The encampment—about two acres enclosed with a brush fence—the blazing fire-stands, the great gathering, the preachers, the blowing of the horn for service, the preaching, singing, praying, impressed him deeply. He began to feel "very sick in his heart," and was soon crying "What must I do to be saved?" To conceal his emotions he retired into the woods. The ministers, Stoney and Ferguson, took him into the prayer meeting, where he found his sister Mary rejoicing, and praying for him. Soon he rejoiced with her and praised God in the midst of the people, which caused Elder Case to exclaim, "Glory to God! there stands a son of Augustus Jones. Now the door is opened among his nation!"

Returning home he met in a class led by Seth Crawford, and heard the Methodist preachers Torry, Whitehead, Stoney and others. The revival spread among whites, Mohawks and

Chippewas. Chief Davis gave up his house for preaching and school, and took his family into a log cabin. In 1824 Peter taught a small school, assisted in the Sunday School, spent much time in reading, and began to tell what the Lord had done for him. Many of his relatives coming to see him were led to Jesus.

The first Indian Methodist church was built at Davisville in 1824. He assisted in the services and in the school, coming by and by to feel that he must carry the Gospel to his people. He became interpreter for the ministers and rejoiced in the conversion of several Indians, whose experience and testimony astounded the people.

He began teaching his brethren to clear the land, to sow and plant, and secured oxen and seed for them.

Mrs. Kerr, daughter of the Mohawk Chief, Joseph Brant, visited the school, found thirty-four children, and gave them presents. Under the preaching of Mr. Torry there were wonderful displays of saving power. He took Peter with him to visit the Chippewas and Munceys on the River Thames, holding meetings by the way. They found about two hundred Munceys, among whom Peter made his way. They did not think much of the religion of the white men who taught their people to drink fire water, but thanked them for their visit.

A Council was called to consider the new re-

ligion and the opening of a school. The Chiefs would accept a school, but hesitated about changing their religion. After five days in hunger and weariness they reached North Talbot Street, held several services and Quarterly Meeting at Burdick's chapel, attended by five or six hundred.

Returning home, Sunday morning opened with a prayer meeting, forty-four scholars in the Sunday School, good public services and class meeting. "The overwhelming power of divine grace descended, and the slain of the Lord were seen all over the house." For weeks the fire was kept burning—conversions at nearly every meeting. Another camp meeting came on—"fourteen of my Indian brethren converted."

On their way to the Humber for their annual presents the Indians pitched their wigwams at the Credit and held a prayer meeting. A drunken white man was asked to retire as not fit to be among praying Indians. Jones preached to some three hundred, and many fell to the earth—some rejoicing, others crying for mercy. Col. Givens came with the presents, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Strachan, who expressed much pleasure in hearing the Indians read and sing. Kegs of rum were sent, but were refused. No ardent spirits have since been issued to Christian Indians.

Being advised to settle at the Credit they made some arrangements for doing so the next spring. On their return to Grand River forty-five were baptized, making a total of one hundred members.

With a party of five Indians Peter went west to labor among the Munceys and Ojibwas on the Thames. They were met by many objections—the Great Spirit had given their people this land and their own ways.

At Lower Muncey they attended an Indian offering of the fruits of the earth, samples of all they raised—potatoes, beans, melons, etc., with twelve deer, which their women were preparing. The strangers were invited to take seats with others around two great fires. The Chief explained that their feast was to thank the Great Spirit for the growth of their corn, etc. This was followed by dancing and music all night. In the morning the meat and soup were distributed. Some of their feasts lasted several days.

AN INDIAN FEAST.

On Sunday Jones held a service with them, then left for Conference at Fifty Mile Creek, where Thomas Davis, the Mohawk Chief, made a speech. At York Elder Case and Jones had an interview with the Governor, who engaged to have twenty houses and a school built for them at the Credit.

January 31st, 1826, at the request of Elder

AN INDIAN FEAST.

Case, Jones set out for the Bay of Quinte, holding several meetings on the way. At Belleville he met an Indian lad, Peter Jacobs, anxious to hear about the Christian religion. Elder Case and Mr. Smith were holding a Quarterly Meeting. During a four hours' service Saturday night many were converted. On Sunday the attendance was large and the people listened eagerly to the converted Indian. With Mr. Smith he rode on to Kingston, found some Ojibwa camps, and told them of Christianity and their schools. They also visited the Mohawk village.

Returning to Belleville they found many Indians had come thirty or forty miles to see Peter Jones. Among them was

JOHN SUNDAY

and his brother Moses. Some of the boys being willing to attend school, Jones procured a "jumper" and took them with him to the Grand River, where he arrived in the end of February.

At the invitation of Rev. George Ryerson he spent a few weeks with him studying English grammar. In April many were at the Credit clearing their lots and holding joyful meetings. Elder Madden and Egerton Ryerson visited them, preached, and baptized several. In the flats they put up a bark chapel and began a

Sunday School. A day school also was begun with about thirty children. That year Egerton Ryerson was appointed missionary to the Credit, he being thought the right man to take the Indians in hand, learn their language, and promote their general welfare.

After his first Sunday he called the Indians together to see about building a chapel.

With wonderful readiness they subscribed about one hundred dollars, and with assistance from white friends, were able to complete their humble sanctuary in six weeks and see it opened for worship. "What a contrast! A short time ago they would sell the last thing they had for whiskey; now they economize to save something to build a temple for the true God."

"*November 26th.*—We opened our Indian chapel by holding a love-feast and celebrating the Lord's Supper. The Indians with much solemnity and feeling declared what God had done for them. Rev. Wm. Case addressed them. At the close eight were baptized." "My home was mostly at John Jones', brother of Peter Jones, sometimes at Wm. Herkimer's, a noble Indian convert, with a noble little wife."

"*February 4th, 1827.*—To-day I preached to the Indians. Peter Jacobs, an intelligent youth of eighteen, interpreted and afterwards spake with all the simplicity and eloquence of nature."

"*February 10th.*—A blessed quarterly meeting. Elder Case preached. The singing was delightful. At the close a collection of $26.75 was taken up, principally from the Indians! Peter Jacobs was one of the speakers."

"*March 8th.*—Rev. W. Ryerson writes: 'I vis-

JOHN JONES'S HOUSE AT THE RIVER CREDIT.

ited Egerton's mission at the Credit last week. Never saw such order and attention to study in any school before. Their progress in spelling, reading and writing is astonishing, especially in writing, which certainly exceeds anything I ever saw. I found Egerton half a mile from the village, stripped to shirt and pantaloons,

clearing land with between twelve and twenty little Indian boys, chopping and burning brush."

"*April 15th.*—John and Peter Jones seem to thirst after holiness and are growing in grace."

"*April 18th.*—An Indian, without my knowledge, has watered, fed and taken care of my horse, saying he lived closer to the stable than I did. Yesterday I got out of hay and could not get any. When I came to the stable I found grass in the manger: the Indian was there and had just fed him. I said I was very glad, for he must be very hungry. 'No, he not very hungry. I took him down where grass grow and let him eat plenty.' O God, thought I, do such principles dwell in the people whom the white man despises?"

"*April 30th.*—We assembled in the chapel to examine into the cases of several who had acted disorderly. A wise address was given by Chief Joseph Sawyer. I reproved with considerable severity. Peter Jones explained all. Brother William Herkimer, with a pathos that affected us all, said, 'Brothers, the white man can't pour it down your throat, if you will not drink. When white man ask me to drink, I tell him, I am a Christian: I love Jesus: and he go right away and look ashamed.' He concluded with a most pathetic prayer. 'O Jesus! let us poor weak creatures be faithful and serve Thee as long as we live.' I spoke a few words and

Peter Jones closed with an affecting exhortation and prayer."

These few extracts give us a glimpse of the early work at the Credit and of some of the young converts, Jones, Jacobs and Herkimer, under training for great usefulness.

Elder Case took Peter Jones with him to Bay Quinte. About fifty Indians came many miles in canoes to a Quarterly Meeting held by Rev. J. Black. Peter spoke to the Indians. At this meeting

JOHN SUNDAY WAS CONVERTED,

and twenty-two baptized. After visiting Rice Lake, Jones returned to the Credit and gave his people an account of his travels. He visited a dying Indian and buried him—the first Christian burial at the Credit. In camp meetings on Yonge Street and at Grand River he spoke to many Indians. From his father he received an encouraging letter and the present of a horse. "If you find he does not suit, you can change him for another; but always tell your reasons."

With John Sunday and Moses he set off to visit Indians at Newmarket; then to Twelve Mile Creek, where he and his father attended a camp meeting, with the people of several tribes.

August 7th.—Col. Givens desired him to bring the Chiefs to meet the Governor. He warned them not to attend Methodist camp meetings, or

he would cast them off—a surprise they agreed to think about.

In January, on his way to Rice Lake, Peter fell in with several camps. In Cavan they built a chapel, clearing away the snow and making a circular embankment; then with poles, bark and boughs, completed the structure, ready for service in the afternoon. Five busy days he labored; then parting, left them weeping. Sixty-five were baptized by Elder Case.

Col. Givens visited them and offered to build houses at Rice Lake, if they would settle and become farmers. They agreed to do so. At Port Hope there was so much drinking no meetings could be held. Some men going to trade with the Indians at Scugog Lake took two barrels of whiskey; but before the Indians would trade they demanded the whiskey, cut a hole in the ice and sank it with stones. After a few days' teaching at Rice Lake, Peter went on to Belleville, and with some Kingston Indians to their settlement on Grape Island.

They found the missionary building a house and turned in to help. After several days' service twenty were baptized and the Lord's Supper administered to about ninety by Elder Case. Many attended a Quarterly Meeting in Cobourg and went home much instructed. On Spooke Island Peter taught his people to clear and cultivate their land, securing seed and teams for them.

and holding meetings for eight days. At Port Hope he met about a hundred Mud Lake Indians, praying people who had renounced fire-waters. They made a collection of $4.00. Up Yonge Street he attended a camp meeting with many of his people, about sixty from Simcoe. The Rev. John Beaty and other ministers assisted. About thirty-six were baptized. At Newmarket they built a house for school or chapel, and held service in it the second evening. "Our homely chapel appeared to me none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. Many trembled and wept." About forty professed conversion. A school was begun by Mr. Law. On a visit to Lake Simcoe with Egerton Ryerson he found good progress. On his way to Grand River he saw his father, heard Rev. J. Messmore, visited the Salt Spring Indians, held several meetings, and found encouraging progress at Mohawk village.

From the Credit he was again off to Bay of Quinte. A company of Indians made a collection of $6.00 for him. At Rice Lake, in the absence of the teacher, he taught for some days and held service in the evenings. In the Sunday School he had about sixty scholars and good services all day. At Grape Island the Indians had built eight houses, the white people subscribing for bricks, glass and nails. Sunday a sunrise prayer meeting was held, preaching at eleven, class

meeting at three, John Sunday assisting, and prayer meeting in the evening. Among several awakened was a Roman Catholic woman, who rose up from prayer rejoicing. She then fell to the floor and lay for about six hours. When she came to, she told of her peace and joy. The Rev. S. Waldron and Elder Case being on a visit to the islands, the Indians showed them what they had been making—68 scoop shovels, 172 axe handles, 57 ladles, 4 trays, 44 broom handles and 415 brooms—a wonderful exhibit of native industry.

At the love-feast on Sunday one said, "I have overcome, by the help of Jesus, my worst enemy, whiskey; also lying, bad words and hatred. I love all my brothers and sisters, and hope we shall see each other in our Great Father's house above."

The members had increased to 172, in six classes. A deputation was appointed to see the Governor regarding a piece of land for wood and pasture.

Elder Case distributed rewards for their skilful labor. John Moses and his daughter Jane, first fruits of the mission, had died.

A Council of Chiefs met in York, January 30th, for consultation with the Governor regarding their lands. John Sunday was the first speaker. He explained the condition, purposes and requirements of the Christian Indians and

was followed by others. The answer was deferred until the next day, when they were informed by Dr. Strachan, the Attorney-General, if they came under the care of the Church of England, the Government would help them. He also offered inducements to Peter Jones and his brother to assist in this project. This reply was considered in Council. After long silence John Sunday rose and said: "We have heretofore made out to live, even when we were sinners, and shall not the Great Spirit whom we now serve take care of us?" Committing the matter to God in prayer they declined making any change. Peter accompanied Elder Case to Newmarket for Quarterly Meeting, where thirty Indians were baptized and fifty partook of the Lord's Supper. Some who had two wives were required to put away the second.

At the Credit Peter interpreted for Rev. J. Richardson and also preached to his people. He visited Peggy Ball, the oldest woman in the tribe, who was very ill, but thankful that she had been spared to see so many serving the Great Spirit. Elder Case attended the Quarterly Meeting, baptized six children and eight adults, some from the Thames and others from Lake Simcoe. A collection of $17.00 was taken up—so willing were the poor Indians to cast in their mites.

Peter began translating hymns and the

Apostles' Creed. With Revs. Case, Richardson, Wm. Ryerson and about twenty children he visited the House of Assembly.

The Speaker and others expressed great pleasure in hearing the scholars and seeing their work. Lady Maitland invited the scholars to Government House and made them presents of books, flannel, etc. At the Credit Peter Jacobs and Joseph Sawyer were beginning to exhort. February 26th, 1828, the Governor, Col. Givens and other gentlemen, with their ladies, visited the mission. They were received by the Indians firing a salute. The schools where visited and rewards presented by the ladies.

Peter Jones with others, visiting Grand River and the Thames, met Caleb, Chief of the Sauble Indians, and some of his tribe to whom they explained the Christian religion. At Munceytown they found some of the Muncey and Chippewa Chiefs willing to hear; but at Lower Muncey the Indians were too drunk. They also fell in with some Moravian missionaries. The Chippewas were very loath to change their religion, fearing the wrath of the Great Spirit. The example of some white people, drinking and fighting, did not help them. In a wigwam, after a feast of corn soup, an old Indian thanked the Munedo Spirit for life and food, and asked his blessing on the family who made the soup. Another Chief said they were so wicked and

drunken they could not become good; but Jones encouraged them, telling how the Great Spirit had changed and helped others.

At Sandwich they found Wyandotts and Hurons, many of whom were Roman Catholics, but about twenty Methodists. Crossing to Detroit Jones preached in the court-house.

Returning to the Thames he met Rev. E. Stoney who had preached at Davisville in 1823, when the work began among the Mohawks, and whom Jones regarded as his spiritual father. He attended a Moravian love-feast, where they distributed dumplings made of Indian meal and beans, with cups of coffee, and was asked to give an address.

The Munceys, through their Chief, Old Snake, said they were not willing to change their religion. At the Quarterly Meeting, Salt Springs, Rev. John Ryerson preached to the Mohawks and Oneidas.

At the Credit two of the sisters had died during Peter's absence, and he spoke of their happy deaths. A meeting was held for the improvement of the village, laying out roads, lots, etc.

At Scugog Lake he met a hundred Indians, and heard good accounts of their faithfulness. He held services, taught them the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. With grateful hearts they contributed $17.00.

"The Scugog Indians have no reserves of

lands, and have to pray to their Great Father, the King, for a place to lay their bones in!"

Thirty-eight, after careful inquiry, were admitted into society—two of them, a man and his wife, probably over a hundred years of age, and the man bald-headed, the first he had seen. They were baptized Adam and Eve, and praised the Lord that their children and grandchildren were worshipping the Great Father in heaven. Jones corrected many false notions, warned them against trusting to dreams, or refusing meat for food; advised them to cultivate the land, and arranged for a supply of axes, hoes and seed: also for a female teacher, to teach sewing, knitting, etc.

On reaching Rice Lake, he found a trader in a rage because he could not cheat the poor people as when they drank his fire-water. Some Indians from the Credit assisted Jones in the services. In the serene and beautiful evening he heard the Indians in their devotions, singing praises and pouring forth their supplications. 'Surely the wilderness buds and blossoms as the rose."

At Grape Island he found the missionary, Mr. Waldron, and his wife, with thirty-five children in the school, several able to read and write.

John Sunday returned with Elder Case from his tour in the United States, and as they told of all they had seen, "the power of the Most

High descended in a wonderful manner; we were indeed in the house of God and at the gate of heaven." In the Sunday School were about "forty little lambs of the forest hungering for instruction." For some days and nights joyful meetings were held, the Misses Barnes and Hubbard assis ing. Over a hundred baskets of all shapes and colors, with other beautiful specimens of work, were shown. After arranging their lots and giving less ns on planting, as the missionaries were about to leave, John Sunday gave a farewell speech.

At Rice Lake, after a love-feast, Elder Case administered the sacrament t about eighty-five. They also began preparations for Miss Barnes' school. In Reach, by the lake, camps of Indians were found, services held, and twenty-four baptized.

To the Credit they brought a pleasing report of their eastern tour. In their love-feast a Chief from Simcoe told of their good work. Seven were baptized and 140 partook of the communion. During the week all were delighted to see the gardens and fields of grain, about forty acres, well cultivated.

Peter Jones was preparing a Chippewa spelling book. After another Sabbath they started for the camp meeting, Yonge Street, and found in a tent, 240 x 15 feet, two or three hundred Indians from different regions, divided in fami-

lies. Revs. Case, Richardson, McMullen and E. Ryerson preached; Peter Jacobs, John Carroll, Messrs. Vaux and Patrick exhorted. "A powerful time. I bless the Lord for what my eyes see and what my ears hear of the wonderful works of God, even among the sons of the wilderness." After three days' services, 12 preachers, 314 whites and 97 Indians partook of the Lord's Supper.

At the Landing Elder Case and Jones met about 300 Indians. They found some men with more than one wife. Both men and women consented to separation, not without many tears, "because they loved Jesus, and would not break His laws any more." One hundred and thirty-two were baptized. "The presence of the Lord was in our midst, and His power rested on the people. May the Lord bless and preserve these new lambs now gathered into His fold from the howling wilderness."

A young Indian wished to be married: but when arrangements were made and the minister ready to proceed with the ceremony, others put in a claim for the object of his choice. The controversy was quickly settled by the young lady herself saying no one had asked her, and she intended going to school.

To the Simcoe Indians missionaries and teachers were sent. Peter Jones arranged for the printing of his spelling book: spent Sunday

with Peter Jacobs at the Credit, then off on his rounds among the Rice Lake, Grape Island and Kingston camps. He had assistance from Rev. E. Ryerson, John Sunday and Miss Barnes. At Rice Lake Mr. Biggar was teaching the boys, and Miss Barnes and Miss Ash the girls. On Sunday the Revs. T. Madden and E. Adams preached: Peter Jones exhorted. During the week a band of Simcoe Indians arrived with their Chief, and many were converted. Peter Conover, who had willed half of his property to trustees for the mission, was dying. The Agent came with the annual payments. Jones and Jacobs spent a Sunday in York, taking part in the services. On Yonge Street Jones assisted in the distribution of the annual presents to 515 Indians, three-fourths of whom were Christians. About 100 scholars were in the schools. In addition to the presents, the payments amounted to £1,200. Some had come from the north shore of Lake Huron, opening the way to the regions beyond. "I see only one difficulty in the way of the Gospel taking the wings of the morning and flying to the Pacific Ocean, making the wilderness vocal with the high praises of God, and that is the opposition of the Roman Catholics" Only two cases of drunkenness were observed—a wonderful reformation! Returning to the Credit, he found the wife of Peter Jacobs very ill, and she lived only a few

days. She was one of the first converts four years before, and had proved faithful. Elder Case planted a pine at the head of her grave. A love-feast was held, and a hundred partook of the sacrament. Joseph Sawyer and John Jones were made exhorters — the first after Peter.

Mohawk, Credit and other tribes gathered for camp meeting at East Flamboro'. "The power of the Lord was manifest." Peter Jones, his brother John, Peter Jacobs and about thirty of their people left for Snake Island. They found Elder Case and others preparing the camp grounds. About three hundred Indians, who, a short time before, were chanting war-songs and offering petitions to dumb idols, assembled, clothed and in their right minds, to worship the true God.

John Sunday, one of the first speakers, was happy to meet his Indian brothers and sisters in this wilderness to worship the Great Spirit, and brought salutations from Grape Island, where a day had been spent in prayer for this meeting. He thought Christians should be as wise as a red squirrel, that looks ahead and provides for winter.

Peter Jacobs, Elder Case, John Beaty and others followed. Sunday morning opened with early prayer meetings. At 9 o'clock an address was given by Chief Sawyer.

John Sunday told how he wandered among

the white people, learned their vices and became very wicked—"one of the most miserable creatures on earth." The death of one of his children made him think of a Being greater than man. When he heard the missionaries preach Jesus Christ, he believed and found peace. "The missionaries are like sun-glasses, which scatter light and heat wherever they are held." The meeting resulted in the conversion of many—thirty-nine being baptized—and was closed with the Lord's Supper. Then the farewells were spoken. "We all knelt down by the shore, commended each other to God, and left our Indian brethren bathed in tears."

With Elder Case and Rev. J. Beaty, Jones rode to Richmond Hill and thence wended his way to Rice Lake. The mission was moved from the mainland to Spooke Island, where all were happy and content in their bark wigwams.

Peter Jones went with some of the Indians to Belleville to receive their presents. The Agent and British officers expressed their gratification on seeing such a change in the people. Teams were hired to convey the goods to Rice Lake, where a happy day was spent in the distribution. Each man received two blankets, cloth for a suit, two shirts, a gun, ammunition, and several small articles.

John Sunday arrived from Lake Simcoe just in time for the funerals of Peter James and Peter

Rice Lake. At the Carrying Place, Jones and Sunday assisted Revs. J. Black and G. Sovereign in the Sunday services, and went with them to Conference at Ernestown, October, 1828. Bishop Hedding met about forty preachers. The teachers from Grape Island, with some of their scholars, were there, and many Indians who tented near the chapel.

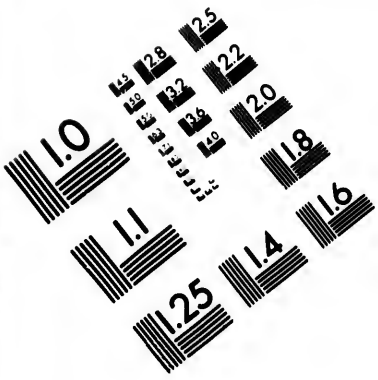
Peter Jones gave an account of their work, the children sang some hymns, and the Indians shouted for joy.

Elder Case and Jones visited Grape Island and found all busy—ploughing, digging potatoes, etc. "What a change! A few months ago these same people were poor, drunken and lazy."

As a class of girls were reading, one read: "I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter:" then, bursting into tears, she said—"Yes: for I now feel Him in my heart."

They had raised about three hundred bushels of potatoes and divided them among the families.

After the evening service John Sunday rose and said: "Brother, we thank you for your visit to us and for the instructions you have given us. Now, brother, depart in peace and our prayers shall go with you. We shake hands with our brothers at the River Credit. Oh, that we may all meet in the Father's house above!"



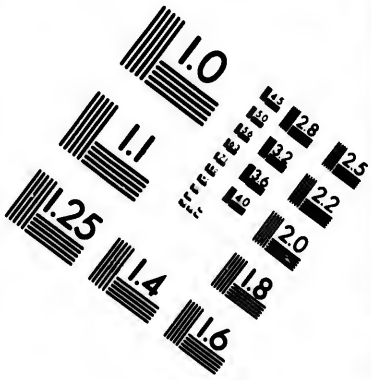
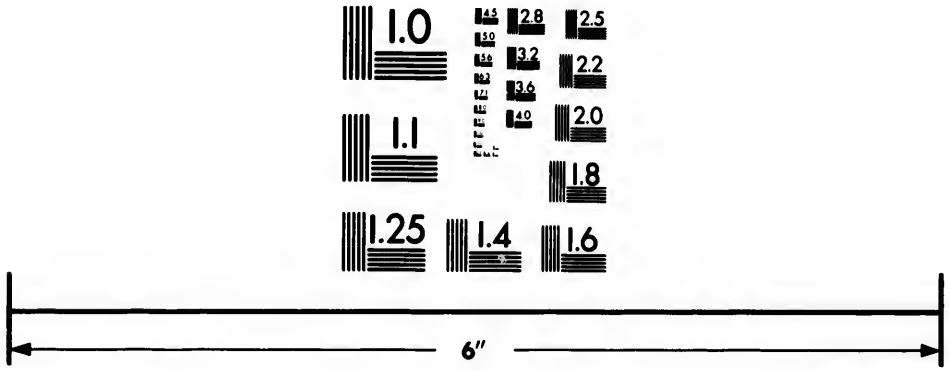
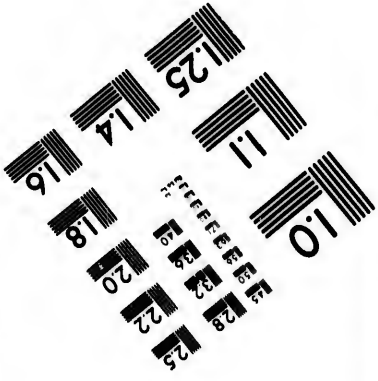


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

2.8
3.2
2.5
3.6
2.2
2.0
1.8
1.0

Next morning, with the teachers and scholars, Jones left to attend the missionary meeting in Belleville, where they gave addresses and sang. John Hagar, ten years old said:

"My name is John; I have no home,
I have no father, I have no friend:
My mother is dead. I get very cold,
One day in Kingston My blanket torn.
I get very hungry, I get into a box
I have no bread: And stay there all night.

Then Mr. Armstrong find and take me out of the box and sent me by steamboat to York, to the Credit school: there I learn to read in the New Testament. I sometimes rather wild boy, but I love my book and Christian friends who sent me to school."

The people were greatly pleased with samples of the girls' sewing and knitting.

Reaching home October 21st, he heard of the death of their Chief, John Cameron. In 1824 he had been converted at the Grand River: visited the Credit, persuaded some of his people to go and hear for themselves, and became a useful leader. He died thanking the Lord that he had lived to see all his people serving the Great Spirit. Mr. Jones tried to translate hymns, but found it very difficult on account of the length of many Indian words. By the Bible Society in York he was asked to translate the Gospels.

"*October 17th.* Set apart this day to fasting

and prayer, imploring the assistance of Almighty God on my translations, especially of the Holy Scriptures."

At the request of the Agent he took a census, and reported: Men, 64: women, 74: children, 88—total, 226: houses, 30: acres cultivated, 61: wheat, 65 bushels: oats, 22; Indian corn, 1,045: onions, 9; beets and carrots, 16: cabbage, 670: pumpkins, 30 cart loads: cows, 27: oxen, 18: horses, 11: hogs, 122: births, 17; marriages, 2: deaths, 19; baptisms, 40: church members, 132.

"I felt truly thankful for the happy change amongst the poor people. To God be all the glory!"

On Sunday Peter Jacobs interpreted for Mr. Ryerson, and Jones held a service in Gardner's school-house.

With his father he rode to Mohawk village and called on Mrs. Brant, widow of Captain Joseph Brant, who gave them "an excellent cup of tea:" also on the famous Oneida Chief, Joseph, who engaged to make him an Indian costume. Mr. J. Messmore was in charge of the mission, and Mr. S. Crawford of the school.

"*December 25th.*—This is Christmas day. May I gladly join the angel host singing, 'Glory to God in the highest!'"

After an early prayer meeting Jones preached at 11 o'clock, and Mr. Ryerson at night. "We had a shout in the camp." He was translating

—attended watch-night service—"thankful to God for all the mercies of the year."

January 1st, 1829.—A Council was held and Peter Jones nominated for Chief in place of Capt. John Cameron.

At Quarterly Meeting Jones and Jacobs interpreted for Revs. G. and W. Ryerson.

On Monday a Council was held regarding a saw-mill, workshop and hospital, all of which they agreed to erect. Peter Jones stated the conditions on which he would accept the office of Chief, all of which were acceptable, and his appointment was made by unanimous vote. "O Lord, teach me and guide me by Thy unerring wisdom, that my usefulness may by this step be greatly increased."

At Scugog he found many Indians and heard good tidings. Thirty scholars were in the school, and their tears flowed as he spoke to them of the love of Jesus. He called at the home of the old couple, Adam and Eve. The old man was gone. In the eleventh hour he had found peace with God and entered the eternal rest. They were building a new school-house, twenty-two feet square—logs hewn on the inside floor of split basswood, and roof of basswood troughs. A hundred and fifty Indians occupied nine bark wigwams. After pleasant services and hearty handshaking he left the next day for the Credit.

A petition from the Council was sent to the Government regarding their fisheries.

Miss Barnes, from Rice Lake, assisted in the services, Peter Jacobs interpreting for her. Her visit caused great joy.

At Holland Landing Jones found many Indians encamped: also Thomas Magee and John Thomas, on their way to the Hurons. His Excellency Sir John Colborne paid them a visit and heard the children sing.

At Rice Lake James Evans and Miss Barnes were doing good work. In the Sunday School fifty-two were present, about twenty reading.

The Indians set about building a church, 30 x 40, with the assistance of two carpenters. Many refreshing meetings were held, several Mohawks and Ojibwas were baptized, and the Lord's Supper administered. An

EXCURSION TO THE UNITED STATES

was arranged—Elder Case, Peter Jones, the Misses Barnes and Hubbart, with some of the scholars, to go. After a farewell meeting, February 24th, they crossed the St. Lawrence to St. Vincent. In Watertown, Utica, Schenectady, Troy and Chatham they were welcomed by churches of different names, and received liberal collections. They then divided into two bands and visited many other places, meeting again in New York, March 16th. They had some very large meet-

ings, one of two thousand children, and good collections. The Ladies' Missionary Society gave $200.

Peter Jones was finishing some translations for the press, and visited several institutions. He was amazed at the power of a microscope, making a spider as large as a bear.

April 3rd.—He received proof-sheets of his Indian hymn-book; then followed Elder Case and party to Philadelphia. At Baltimore they had a ladies' meeting of about two thousand. "I never saw warmer-hearted ladies; God bless them." Many presents—books, clothing, etc.—were made for the missions.

In Philadelphia they attended the Conference missionary meeting and received a good collection. In Presbyterian and Episcopal churches they were enthusiastically received. They visited the spot where the good William Penn made his treaty with the Indians under a spreading elm, on the banks of the Delaware. "We met with very kind receptions from all parties, especially the Chant family, by whom we have been entertained."

Aboard the steamer for New York they told of their work and received a contribution of $24. The Young Men's Bible Society, New York, offered to pay for the printing of St. Mark's Gospel in Mohawk.

Several meetings were held in and near Bos-

ton, where great interest was manifested in the Indian boys, especially by the eccentric Lorenzo Dow—"with long beard, and clad in the plainest manner possible."

In a Unitarian church a collection of $56 was given. The Dorcas Missionary Society of New

WILLIAM PENN MAKING TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

York undertook the education of John Sunday, Peter Jacobs, and other Indian youths.

At a meeting of the parent Missionary Society they gave addresses and showed their curiosities. After this meeting Elder Case and Miss Hubbard were married by Dr. Bangs. Then, by Syracuse,

Rochester and Oswego they returned to Kingston, where they spent a Sabbath, and reached Grape Island, May 21st.

Peter Jones, John Sunday and William Beaver conducted the services on Sunday. They also visited Spooke Island with William Ryerson, Ephraim and James Evans. At the Credit about 75 acres were under cultivation, with prospect of abundant yield.

At York Sir John Colborne offered to have the Indian translations printed at the expense of the Government, and to grant lands for settlement. A Council was called at the Credit to consider the Lieut.-Governor's prohibition of their attending Methodist camp meetings. After much deliberation they unanimously decided: "No earthly King or Governor has a right to dictate how or where we worship the Great Spirit: and as the camp meetings had been a great blessing to their people, they would still attend them."

When the Government officers came to distribute the annual presents at the Credit they objected to the new Chiefs, Jones and Sawyer, and desired that others be appointed. The Indians met to consider the matter, but refused to make any change.

In June there was a grand gathering for the Yonge Street camp meeting. Peter Jones, John Sunday and other Indians took part with Revs.

Richardson, Slater, Ryan, etc. "The power of the Spirit rested upon both whites and Indians."

At the close they formed a procession, marched around the grounds singing, shook hands and went on their way rejoicing.

Copies of the new Ojibwa hymn-book were distributed. His Excellency Sir John Colborne gave Mr. Jones an order for the printing of 2,000 copies of the first seven chapters of St. Matthew. He also consented to the permanent tenure of the lands required by the Indians and suggested arrangements for teachers.

In the end of June, Jones, Sunday, Herkimer, Sawyer and others, under the direction of Elder Case, started on a mission to the Simcoe and Huron Indians.

Leaving Holland Landing they found many on the islands successfully cultivating their lands and held refreshing meetings with them, especially with Chief Assance and his band of some two hundred from Nottawasaga Bay. "When they returned to their wigwams, they began to shout and sing the praises of the Lord. Blessed be God for His great mercy to these children of the forest." James Currie and David Sawyer were left as their teachers.

At Penetanguishene the Great Spirit touched the hearts of many poor pagans.

July 17th.—John Sunday with five others started for the north shore of Lake Huron.

Peter Jones with eight of his men knelt upon the shore, then hoisted sail for Owen Sound, where they camped and rested soundly. At the mouth of the Saugeen they met about twenty-five Ojibwas with whom they held services for some days, receiving gifts of venison and a fat buck. The deer were migrating south. "Alas for these noble creatures! Like their old masters they are fast disappearing before the face of the white man."

While the praying Indians shot more than they required, their pagan brethren could not find any, and began to think serving the Great Spirit must be profitable.

On their way to St. Clair they fell in with Chief Wawanosh and his braves, some of whom were willing to hear but others were too drunken. One of the Chiefs gave many reasons why they could not forsake the ways of their fathers, and was answered by Peter Jones.

By conversation and prayer many seemed convinced of the truth of Christianity.

On the 7th of August they reached Munceytown, met the Chiefs and found the school doing well.

After two days' sojourn they proceeded to Westminster, where Elder Case was holding a Quarterly Meeting. A Council of Munceys and Chippewas was held to consider the old and new ways of worshipping the Great Spirit.

At Ancaster they found the Conference in session. A camp-meeting also was being held near the spot where Peter Jones was converted six years before. "Little did I think that I should ever see such a company of praying Indians upon this ground."

The following table shows the number of members, schools and scholars in Upper Canada. 1829:

	Members.	Schools.	Scholars.
Salt Springs	150	2	48
Upper Mohawks	25	1	15
River Credit	140	2	55
Grape Island	120	2	56
Rice and Scugog Lakes	175	2	75
Lake Simcoe and Matchedash	350	3	100
Bay of Quinte, Mohawks	40	1	17
Munceytown, Chippewas and Munceys	35	1	15
Amherstburgh	23	1	20
	1,058	15	401

About 1,520 have been baptized.

Jones was sent to another camp meeting on Yellowhead's Island, Lake Simcoe. John Sunday was there, just returned from the North Shore with Indians seeking instruction. The Chiefs held a Council, at which Jones, Sunday, Magee, Chief Yellowhead and Miss Barnes spoke. When Elder Case arrived about twenty were baptized, and the Lord's Supper administered to nearly 200. A collection of £5 3s. 9d. was taken

up, including ear-rings and brooches. John Sunday had met many camps of Indians, most of them using much fire-water, and unwilling to forsake their old religious rites. Some of the children and young persons seemed willing to be taught. The journey had been tedious and food very uncertain, but the way was opened for further effort.

At Rice Lake Jones found the women out with canoes, gathering rice. The men had about a hundred bushels of corn, which they were dividing. James Evans was teaching about fifty children. The families on Grape Island, about forty-five, were much improved. They had built a work-house, 40 x 28 feet—a hive of industry, had better houses, clean dishes and cupboards. Many were reading the printed chapters of St. Matthew. A Council was held in reference to their dealings with the Government. The following amounts were paid annually for the surrender of their lands to the Crown:

Kingston and Belleville	£580
Mohawks, Bay of Quinte	450
Rice Lake	710
Lake Simcoe	1,195
River Credit	472
River Thames	600
St. Clair	1,100
	£5,107

INDIAN CAMP.

In addition to these sums, annual presents were made amounting to about as much more.

The Governor-General, at the Credit, spoke of his visit to Grand River, and the great contrast between the Indians there and here. He had seen many drunk at Amherstburgh. Some of the men were digging a cellar for a new mission house at the Credit, and the women were working slippers. In York Rev. E. Ryerson was issuing the first numbers of the *Christian Guardian*, and proposed that Mr. Jones send some of their boys to learn the printing. Two of them—William Wilson and John Sawyer—were sent. The offer of the Bible Society to print the translations encouraged Jones to proceed. He was enlisted by a party of Huron Indians as their interpreter in consultation with the Governor about their lands and payments.

In June, 1830, the new mission house was ready for Rev. G. Ryerson. Miss Barnes spent three months teaching the Credit women to make moccasins and gloves. They had sold about $40 worth.

Jones continued translating, began an Indian vocabulary, assisted in clearing and planting the land, and received much encouragement from Sir John Colborne in the work of settlement and civilization.

At Munceytown many lots were laid out,

and prospects were brightening. At the Credit camp meeting, in June, 1830, sixty-four conversions were reported. Towards the end of the month Jones, Sunday, Sawyer and others took a tour among northern camps. Miss Barnes returned from a visit to the United States, bringing $1,300 and other valuable donations for the missions. John Sunday preached, and gave an account of his recent tour. At Grape Island great improvement was seen in the crops, mode of living, etc. The Mohawk settlement had a society of sixty. Bishop Hedding visited Grape Island on his way to Kingston. At that Conference Peter Jones and twenty others were ordained deacons. He was continued as "Missionary to the Indian tribes." At Grape Island he visited every house, and kept an account of each: Wm. C.'s—"Chairs good, table dirty, beds poor." School—"Ten girls neat and clean; rest, dirty and ragged." Paul F.'s—"One curtain-bed good, cupboard good, table good but dusty, floor clean, woman making light bread." J. S.'s—"No one at home, all looked well in the house." Nancy Black's school—"19 scholars present, 8 read in N. T., 6 write, 10 girls neat and clean, hands all clean, and hair combed, except three or four; floor clean." Bro. T. H.'s school—"32 present, 10 read in N. T., 8 in English Reader, 17 write, 12 in Arithmetic, 13 in English Grammar, 9 in Spelling: most all clean."

"I took all by surprise. My object was to stir the Indian sisters in cleanliness and industry. Most of the men handle the axe equal to any white man, and some are becoming acquainted with joiners' tools," etc.

On Sunday he assisted Elder Case, giving an account of John Wesley's visit to the Indians of America. After a few weeks usefully spent, he left for Rice Lake, and was welcomed by James Evans, the missionary. Together they visited Mud Lake, passing through Peterborough—"a thriving village fourteen miles from Rice Lake." They advised the men to hire out and work for their living, help their teachers, etc. Elder Case reached the Credit with a request from the parent Bible Society for a translation of the Scriptures into Chippewa.

October 4th, with Miss Barnes, D. Sawyer and others, Jones started for Lake Simcoe, Sawyer and his wife for the Matchedash mission, others for Muncey and Saugeen. After ten days' absence Jones and others were fishing at the mouth of the Credit, and caught 140 salmon. Sunday and Paul arrived from Mackinaw, and sat up most of the night writing their good tidings—the conversion of thirty Chippewas and bright prospects.

October 30th.—The new saw-mill was started. While Peter was translating St. Matthew, his brother John was at work on St. John. "I took

up my quarters at the office, but boarded at my brother's."

In December he met the Chippewas at Grand River, and had seventy-two candidates for baptism. In January, 1831, he had business with the Bible Society, and visited the House of Assembly, where John Brant, the Mohawk Chief, represented the County of Halton—the first Indian to have a seat in the House.

The Rev. Geo. Ryerson having been appointed by the Committee on Religious Liberty to visit England, it was thought advisable that Peter Jones accompany him and represent his people. The Council and Elder Case concurring, he left for New York, March 4th, 1831.

"Our passage was engaged, and we sailed on the 24th

IN THE 'BIRMINGHAM,' FOR LIVERPOOL;

fare $120—$20 each less than the usual—a gain made by temperance."

The Lord Bishop of Quebec and about a dozen other cabin passengers were aboard. Jones employed much of his time correcting his translations.

After thirty-seven days they landed at Liverpool. Their first introduction was at the missionary anniversary, Exeter Hall, London, where Jones was called upon for an address. He attended some of the other great annual meet-

ings, and the breakfast of the preachers' children, City Road, with many ministers and their wives.

To the Secretaries of the Bible Society he submitted copies of his translations. "The English are desperately fond of new things; a most friendly and hospitable people, with a little of Brother Jonathan's inquisitiveness, asking more questions than I am able to answer."

He visited Windsor, Bath, Bristol; dined with Rev. W. Wait, of the Established Church, who gave him two sovereigns for the missions: called on Miss Hannah Moore, the authoress, who was delighted to hear of his people, and said, "Come, let us go over to Canada and live among the Indians and instruct them." After prayer she said, "A bishop could not pray any better." She handed him a five-pound note, and one of her books, in which she wrote, without glasses, in her eighty-seventh year: "To the Rev. Peter Jones, with her cordial prayer for his happiness in time and eternity; and long may he continue to be a blessing to Indians. Hannah Moore. Clifton, 1831."

To two artists desiring his likeness he gave several sittings, and was kept busy writing autographs, letters, and receiving donations.

He called on Mrs. Bundy, the oldest Methodist woman in Bristol, and heard the Rev. James Wood, the oldest Methodist preacher in the

country, who had travelled with Mr. Wesley, and saw the first chapel he built, in Broadmead Street. "In this chapel class meetings were first established, which have since proved a blessing to thousands in Europe and America." To *millions*, he might have said.

At Kingswood he attended the celebration of Wesley's birthday: took dinner with many ministers and friends, and, in Indian costume, gave an address to eighty sons of preachers.

As a token of fellowship the Rev. T. Roberts handed him a branch from the sycamore under which John Wesley preached. "I had the honor to sit in Mr. Wesley's arm-chair, put on his gown, and see his library. My thoughts were full of Father Wesley, and long shall I remember this visit to Kingswood."

A severe cold compelled him to rest a few days. He took tea with Rev. R. Watson, and saw Wesley's tomb.

With Mr. Ryerson he appeared before the New England Company, on behalf of the Indians; attended a committee of the Bible Society; answered a call to the Colonial Office: presented papers and received a £5 donation from Lord Goderich. He heard Dr. Adam Clarke, dined with him, and received a sample of his writing—"I met with a converted Indian Chief, named Kahkewaquonaby, literally, 'Sacred Eagle Feathers,' now called Peter Jones, at Mr.

Thurston's, in London, July 31st, 1831: to whom I wish the choicest blessings of the ever-blessed God. Adam Clarke."

At the Conference, Bristol, he heard Rev. Jabez Bunting. "Called on Mr. Pocock, who showed us his inventions—new air gloves, and mode of travelling by kites. Miss Pocock made me a present of a glove and a treatise, price £5 7s."

He was asked to preach in several chapels: heard Rev. R. Newton: breakfasted with the preachers: witnessed a wedding at a Quaker meeting, and gave an address. At a missionary meeting in Oldham Street Chapel he shook hands with about a thousand persons.

The Rev. John Beecham gave him a plan for visiting Manchester, Halifax, York, and several other cities. He took breakfast with a Quaker and some friends, who gave him £10 each. "I collected this day about £50." From the ladies he received two suits of clothes and many articles for the missions. "I never shall forget the generosity of my friends in Manchester."

At Huddersfield he witnessed the procession on King William's Coronation day. "My prayer is that God may bless our Great Father the King and make his reign prosperous. Long live the King!"

He drove to Leeds with Mrs. Bunting, who gave him a gold seal with the likeness of Wesley.

In York he attended a jubilee concert—two thousand children celebrating the commencement of Sunday Schools by Robert Raikes. After preaching in the evening—"I found my pouch of mink skin containing over £9. Never did the poor mink contain such treasure before."

At Stockton missionary meeting, after the regular collection, a special for his missions yielded £28. "The fact is the Stockton friends have true religion."

In Brunswick Chapel, Leeds, he preached at 2.30. "Hundreds were not able to get in." With Rev. G. Morley he rode out to Woodhouse Grove school and addressed about a hundred preachers' sons, who gave a sovereign for the Indian schools and a letter signed by sixty of them."

At Sheffield the audience gave not only their shillings, but knives, scissors, thimbles, etc. "After all I hear and see, give me the people called Methodists!"

In the procession going to the House of Lords he was within a few paces of the King. "His carriage was most splendid, like a mass of gold, and drawn by eight horses. The other carriages belonging to the royal family were also elegant. The Life Guards appeared to great advantage mounted on beautiful horses."

With Mr. Beecham and others he visited Windsor Castle, inspected the magnificent state

apartments, the elegant sculpture, old portraits, dining hall, etc. "Exquisitely beautiful!" At a missionary meeting in City Road chapel he spoke a few minutes. Christmas morning he preached in Spitalfields, and attended watch-night services in City Road. He dined with Rowland Hill, then eighty-eight years of age, and preached for him—the first Methodist to preach from his pulpit. A second time he preached, and received a collection of £17 5s. With Mr. Ryerson he called on Dr. Clarke, who entertained them a couple of days. "The doctor and his lady live in a very plain style. He uses no tea nor coffee, and although over seventy is always employed." He breakfasted with the Solicitor-General of Ireland, went through Westminster Abbey—saw the statues, monuments, tombs, vaults, and the chair on which the kings of England are crowned. At Islington he called on Mrs. Mortimer, who talked much of Mr. Wesley, whose triumphant death she had witnessed. At Bristol Mr. Alden took him to see the ships of the generous Irving. Mr. Budget, of Kingswood, sent his gig, desiring a visit. From the Bible Society he received a grant of Bibles and Testaments, also books for the Sunday School Union.

April 5th.—The Indian Chief, in his costume, was received by the King and Queen in Windsor Palace. "He asked me how many were in

our nation. I told him forty or fifty thousand. He asked how old I was. I replied thirty-one. On presenting a copy of St. John in Chippewa, the King asked who was the translator, and the Queen answered, 'It is his own.' Her Majesty also said she had received the present from the Indian women. After half an hour's interview, we were invited to lunch, then shown into the private apartments, where we met the ladies and children. The King ordered a medal to be struck. Rode to London highly gratified with my visit to our Great Father, the King, and our Great Mother, the Queen. They were dressed very plainly, and seemed not at all proud. They both looked very healthy and in good spirits. God bless the King and Queen!"

He had visited some thirty cities and towns, given one hundred addresses, and preached sixty sermons. He received—

Grant from Wesleyan Missionary Society	£300
Collections and donations	732
	£1,032

besides nearly £500 in books, tools, clothes, etc.

On the 27th of April, on board the *Napoleon*,

"I LEFT THE SHORES OF ENGLAND

under a pleasing recollection of the very kind reception I had met. During a whole year I have not received a single unkindness from any

one, but much good-will. May God bless the English nation!"

May 27th.—They landed at New York and, proceeding to Philadelphia, met Elder Case.

June 20th.—At the Credit they received a welcome home. "When a number had collected we all knelt down, giving thanks." The next day they were off to York, Newmarket and Lake Simcoe—everybody asking about England and all they had seen. At Penetanguishene they heard of four or five hundred on the North Shore; met some Chippewas from Sault Ste. Marie—fruits of John Sunday's labors. A Council of all the Chiefs was held. About six hundred and fifty Indians gathered at the King's storehouse, for their presents. Some had come about a thousand miles. Peter Jones and John Sunday addressed them. A Chief gave up his medicine bag, saying he intended to be a Chr stian, and desired to be baptized. Some of the missionaries left for Sault Ste. Marie.

Returning to York, July 18th. Jones found cholera prevailing. At the Humber some had died.

At Grape Island he found his people as zealous as ever, but some of the Kingston Indians had been overcome by the fire-water of the "white savages." He returned to the Credit, and thence to Grand River. In October he

received some copies of St. Matthew from the York Bible Society, but was grieved to find the translation sadly mangled.

The goods from England arrived, and were divided among the several missions. Chief Sawyer and the Indians, by unanimous vote, expressed the gratitude they felt to their sisters over the great waters. The children were especially pleased, each girl receiving a frock, workbag, scissors, needles, thread, etc.

Peter Jones helped his people to build a storehouse at the mouth of the Credit.

January 1st, 1833.—In opening their Council a hymn was sung, and Chief Sawyer gave thanks to the Great Spirit for saving their people from the cholera. They also joined in a day of thanksgiving for the removal of the pestilence.

After preaching in Streetsville Jones lodged with Mr. Switzer—"an Irish gentleman who treated us very kindly." At Rice Lake he assisted in distributing goods from England, amid great rejoicing. He also gave copies of St. Matthew and St. John.

With Herkimer and Magee he left for Sault Ste. Marie. At Detroit they were joined by Thomas Hurlburt, teacher from Munceytown. On their arrival the Chief expressed his pleasure, and welcomed Mr. Hurlburt as their teacher. Services had been continued since

John Sunday left them in November. After examination, several Indians were baptized. John Sunday arrived from his mission, 240 miles, on the south shore of Lake Superior, where many Chippewas had heard and believed. A Chief had brought his children 700 miles to have them baptized.

On the 3rd of July, Jones, Sunday and others started in their canoe for Mackinaw. In their course along the north shore of Manitoulin Island they fell in with many bands of their people and with a Nipissing Chief who desired teachers.

By August Jones was back to the Credit, and heard Ezra Adams preach at the Quarterly Meeting. His work was pressing—translating, visiting the sick, repairing the chapel, dividing lumber, negotiating with the Government, etc.

While in England the Canadian Chieftain appears to have captured the heart of a young lady, and, with the Rev. E. Ryerson, went to New York to meet her. Miss Fields had arrived, and by Dr. Bangs they were married.

Through the winter, with Rev. J. Stinson and others, he made a tour of the missions. During the next summer cholera was raging, and many Indians were its victims. But the work went on—Thomas Hurlburt, David Sawyer, James Evans and others greatly helping.

In his report for 1834 the Rev. Joseph Stinson,

Superintendent of Missions, supplies interesting particulars regarding the Indian missions:

	Members.	Leaders.	Exhorters.	Scholars.
Credit Mission	72	7	5	41
Lake Simcoe	191	9	2	39
Rice Lake and Mud Lake	142	9	5	39
Munceytown	127	5	4	79
Grape Island	65	5	6	48
Mohawk, Bay Quinte	42	2	2	24
Grand River	135	7	8	45
Saugeen	55	2	2	42

"In the whole history of missions never were presented more delightful evidences of true conversion than have been exhibited in the change wrought in the aborigines of this country."

In October of that year the Rev. Wm. Lord came from England as President of the Canada Conference. He passed quickly from province to province, with Stinson, Case and others, everywhere intensifying the zeal of the churches and witnessing extensive revivals.

At the Credit, October 18th, 1836, Mr. Jones and his people received a visit from Sir Francis Bond Head, who said their village was the cleanest and most civilized Indian settlement he had seen.

The next spring Mrs. Jones sailed from New York for England. "I saw for a long distance my dearest wife waving her white handkerchief. May God bless her and Catharine." During the

year preparations were begun for a manual labor school.

In August 3,201 Indians received presents—the greatest number collected together for many years. Jones ministered to them, and "was glad to see the value set upon the Lord's Day. They diligently provided fuel on the Saturday evening, and made every preparation for keeping holy the Sabbath."

At a camp meeting, Grand River, eight languages were in use—English, Mohawk, Oneida, Seneca, Tuscarora, Cayuga, Onondaga and Chippewa.

In October Jones prepared for a trip to England, reached Liverpool November 7th, and joined his wife in London. The Missionary Committee appreciated his services, paid his expenses and allowed him a salary.

He attended a great meeting in Exeter Hall, on Negro apprenticeship, Lord Brougham in the chair; dined with the Highland Society: made a missionary tour through Cornwall; inspected the *Adelaide*—a man-of-war, 120 guns and 1,000 men—at Plymouth; attended many missionary meetings—audiences up to 2,000, and collections of £200 and over. At St. Ives, on the platform, was a missionary ship with cargo of copper, £27; a steam-engine to bring in the gold and silver, £20; a barrel with £20 from the Teetotal Society. At Birmingham he

attended the missionary breakfast, about 800 guests, and a meeting of 4,000 in the town hall at night. In the prison he saw forty men on the treadmill. "Poor creatures, after they had walked for some time, they were still where they started!"

He attended the great Missionary Anniversary, Exeter Hall; collection, £259. "An excessive crowd." Through Worcestershire—"One of the most beautiful sights I ever saw; immense orchards in bloom, the whole country like a garden."

At Goole a missionary steamboat was presented, containing about £13, flags flying, "Peace and good-will to men," etc. "The captain none other than my good brother, John Sunday, with his Chief's medal and sash. Well done, Captain Sunday!"

May 24th.—To-day is just a hundred years since Mr. Wesley found peace to his soul. This is also the birthday of our beloved Queen Victoria. She is nineteen years old."

By Sir Henry Wheatley he was presented with the medal King William had ordered for him six years before, and was asked to attend the Queen's Coronation.

Crossing to Ireland, he had breakfast with a number of the ministers and was kindly received by the Conference. The Hon. Judge Crampton presented to him £10; Baron Foster,

£10 for the Industrial Home and £10 for the missions.

"*July 9th.*—Took steamboat for Glasgow. Arrived at Greenock; three hours waiting for the tide to rise. Going up the Clyde the scenery is the most beautiful I have seen this side of the Atlantic."

"*July 12th.*—Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful and romantic of cities. Saw panorama of New Zealand and Quebec. Passed the seat of the late Sir Walter Scott, a lovely place, and very rich in scenery." Returning to Liverpool, he visited Wales, preaching to Welsh and English. Presents from Sheffield, Wakefield and Dublin—"all most valuable for missionary work"—were shipped to Montreal.

September 14th.—By Lord Glenelg he was presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and delivered a petition from the Credit Indians. He was then taken to lunch—"which I should call a dinner."

At City Road, with other missionaries, he received a parting address from the President of Conference, prayer being offered by Dr. Bunting.

On his return to Canada Mr. Jones was immediately in demand for missionary anniversaries and centenary meetings, which occupied most of the year 1839, and for which his travels abroad made him a welcome member of any deputation.

During the next year he suffered from illness, but made a general visitation of the missions. In 1841 Muncey was his special field, where for three years he labored with much success, attending some camp-meetings, though often in poor health.

In the autumn, for the third time, he crossed the "great waters," and attended many meetings in behalf of his beloved missions. With Mrs. Jones he breakfasted with Dr. Chalmers, preached for the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, and heard the Rev. J. Angel James. "The Lord warmed my poor heart." He spent a few days in Paris, but "was glad to get out of France. England forever!" There he remained until April, 1846, in active missionary efforts, and then returned to Canada. As health permitted he resumed his tours among his people.

In 1847 his illness became more severe. He tendered the resignation of his Chieftainship, but his offer was declined. From the Credit he moved to Muncey to take charge of the Industrial School, and was welcomed with "shouts from the top of the hill." After two years of efficient service in the school and a third in general visitation and platform work, he began to feel his need of the peaceful quiet of his own home. He was still translating, but amid "oft illnesses."

In 1850 the state of his health compelled him

to accept superannuation. He moved to London, but after a few months settled in Brantford. For some years, when able, he assisted in camp meetings, missionary anniversaries and other services. Constant medical attendance became necessary, and especially the faithful ministrations of his beloved wife.

On the 20th of May, 1860, on an invitation from their old friend, Dr. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Jones visited Toronto. A consultation of physicians afforded little hope of relief from serious heart trouble. Ministers of the city, the Rev. Drs. Hannah and Jobson, from England, and many friends visited them.

June 17th they returned home, Mr. Jones much exhausted, but with gratitude exclaiming, "Bless the Lord!" For a week his strength was failing. On the 26th he said, "I am going home—going to my Father's house above. All is well!" As the time of his departure seemed near, his family gathered around him. With a calm and peaceful smile he gave each of his boys—Charles, Frederick, Peter and George—a loving father's dying counsel and a parting gift; then kissing his beloved wife he said, "I commend these dear boys to the care of their heavenly Father and to you. Train them up for heaven. God bless you, Dear! I pray we may be an unbroken family above." Through the night he slept much, and during the next

day was sinking, but glad to hear the Rev. I. B. and Mrs. Howard sing "We sing of the realms of the blest." Gradually he sank to rest with expressions of calm confidence in his Redeemer. As the last hours of the 28th slowly wore away, with his little remaining strength he whispered, "God bless you, Dear!" and passed "from earth's dim twilight into day." The feelings of his devoted wife found expression in "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Thus lived and died our first native missionary, having maintained an unblemished reputation and established a character marked by steadfastness in the faith and great success in the work of saving souls.

Having followed the acknowledged leader of that early Indian fraternity to life's close, we turn again to the careers of some of his co-workers.

At the Conference in Hallowell, now Picton, August 9th, 1832,

JOHN SUNDAY

was received on trial as a missionary. With John Paul, Thomas Magee, David Sawyer, John Thomas and other converted Indians he had done effective work among his people, and given proof of such tact, wisdom and faithfulness as seemed eminently to qualify him

JOHN SUNDAY.

for taking part in this ministry. He was appointed "missionary to the Sault Ste. Marie and other bodies of the natives." Very good reports were received of his labors among those distant tribes, and many converted through his instrumentality were met with in various places.

In 1834 he was ordained for special purposes. The next year he was received into full connection and given his first pastoral charge—Grape Island.

Dr. Carroll wrote thus of him: "No Indian preacher, and few English ones, could equal him for original methods of sermonizing, readiness of illustration, and power to deal with the conscience. His wit, humor, downright drollery and readiness at repartee, joined to his broken English, make him irresistible."

Of his preaching Rev. Jonathan Scott wrote: "There is pretty correct statement, truth of doctrine, beautiful quotation, natural history, apt illustration, pungent practical remark, welcome missionary intelligence. We have been present where hundreds have been hearers. Silence has reigned: eyes have been fixed: hearts have beat; prayer has ascended: God has come down."

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself as conscious of his awful charge
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too."

"Could they be asked, the tribes of many a wood and many a shore would answer, 'Sunday's talk has done us good.' I hope his health will soon be restored, that to them he may go and talk again."

When the Rev. Wm. Lord was returning to England, in 1836, he took John Sunday with him; partly for the good of his health, but specially that he might represent Canadian missionary work before English Methodism. Of his labors there and the impression the Indian Chief, Shawundais, made upon English audiences, the *Wesleyan Magazine*, on the eve of his departure, bears kindly testimony:

"During the year which he has passed in this country many of our readers have had the opportunity of hearing from his own lips the artless and satisfactory narrative of his happy conversion to the faith of Christ, and of some of the more remarkable passages in his life. His health, which had been impaired by journeys, exposure and severe labor in the wilds of Canada, has been restored. An acquaintance with him has served to deepen the interest which many had begun to feel in the diminished and ill-requited tribes of North American Indians. There is reason to hope that his intercourse with some high in authority may have the effect of preventing any further unfair advantage being taken of the friendly disposition of

the Indians. Mr. Sunday has embarked this day, August 23rd, 1837, for Canada, and we commend him to the kind providence and grace of God, and to the prayers of his people, that he may reach his land in safety and recommence his missionary work in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

To John Matthewson, Esq., Montreal he had written: "I am a great deal better since I left Canada. Also my heart gets warmer more and more; this is the best of all to get happy in our heart. The English people have plenty of steam in their hearts. They are very kind to me—very kind people, indeed."

At dinner with some English ministers the conversation turned on the conversion of the Indians. Presently John Sunday was seen to be in tears and they expressed their sympathy. "Oh, not that at all," said Sunday, "but *that!*"—pointing to the mustard.

After his return from England in 1836, he faithfully served his people for twenty years at Alderville, Rice Lake, Mount Elgin and Muncey, besides frequent tours to northern missions. He was in constant demand for missionary anniversaries and camp meetings, where his simple earnestness, his deep sympathy with his people and magnetic influence over his white friends did much to intensify the zeal of the

churches for the salvation of the decimated native tribes.

Writing from Alderville he says: "My family lives at Alderville, *but I live everywhere*—Toronto, Rice Lake, etc. I have just returned from a missionary tour up the country. Brantford people give more than they gave last year, and had a crowded meeting. Guelph, they give more also. Woodstock and London—we had a great meeting; hundreds went away without admission: a larger collection. Goderich the same. Adelaide, a place in the woods, we had a great meeting. Port Sarnia—we had a very good time and all very happy. Peterboro'—there is great improvement. The Indians of Rice Lake, Mud Lake, have done well, but the Indians of Alderville are the first on the list."

On the missionary platform in Kingston, John Sunday, gratefully referred to the fine buffalo overcoat the ladies had given him some years before, which, though getting weather-worn like himself could still save him from the storm. The next evening they had another ready for him.

Thus he continued his varied, earnest and efficient labors until 1867, when his health became so poor that he was compelled to superannuate. He made his home at Alderville, where his still active mind was ever intent on efforts for the good of others and found exercise

in thoughtful and intelligent investigation of the ways and works of God. When his eyesight failed almost to blindness he found pleasure in active service and faithful attendance upon the sanctuary. Speaking in a love-feast, Elm Street Church, Toronto, Sunday suddenly looking around, inquired, "Where is Thomas Jeffers? Gone to heaven! Where are Dr. Wood's daughters? Gone to heaven? And by and by some one will ask, "Where is John Sunday? Gone to heaven!"

During his last painful illness his patience, his trust in his Redeemer, and his love for his people received fresh development. He was fond of conversation and loved to recount his wonderful experiences. With a bright vision and foretaste of a glorious immortality his pilgrimage of fourscore years ended on the 14th of December, 1875. He passed peacefully through the dark valley, fearing no evil, to "dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The English Conference having determined on opening a mission in

HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY

sent out the Revs. G. Barnley, W. Mason and R. T. Rundle, in March, 1840, and requested Rev. James Evans to take charge of the enterprise. Mr. Evans made immediate preparation

and took with him as native assistants Peter Jacobs and Henry B. Steinhauer. July 7th, 1842, Mr. Evans wrote:

"PETER JACOBS

has been unremitting in his exertions at Norway House during my winter tour and I cannot possibly express myself too strongly respecting his Christian deportment, ministerial labors and daily toil in instructing the Indian children. His school averages about forty scholars. Some of them read well and write better."

He had been previously associated with Mr. Evans in northern and western Ontario, and his experience, in addition to a good education, proved an admirable preparation for the wider field and heavier responsibilities of the great North-West. At Norway House he entered heartily into the plans and labors of his energetic leader, proving himself a skilful carpenter, an efficient teacher and earnest missionary.

In 1843 he was ordained and made a

VISIT TO ENGLAND,

where for several months he was employed under the direction of the Missionary Committee. He was specially desired for the anniversary meeting in Exeter Hall, where he appeared in Indian costume and was received with loud applause. He expressed a desire for at

least half an hour, as he had been detained three months specially for this occasion, and because never before had he seen so great an assembly. His request being readily granted, he referred to his conversion from heathenism fourteen years before through the teaching of the missionaries. He had supposed the Great Being too far away to know anything about him. But when he heard Peter Jones, John Sunday and others speak of the punishment of the sinner and the beautiful heaven prepared for the righteous, he wondered if a poor Chippewa Indian could ever get there. Being told he could, he began to pray, "O Christ, have mercy on me!"—about all the English he could speak, and fearing his Chippewa would not be understood. He felt like a poor deer with an arrow in its heart. Hearing Peter Jones say grace in English and afterward in Chippewa he thought surely the Great Being must understand both. So he went to a stable to pray. At night he could not sleep, got up, walked about and prayed. Before the break of day he felt a joy unspeakable. Then he desired that all his people should know, and began to tell what the Lord had done for him, and had kept on telling ever since. He spoke of the spread of the Christian religion among his people—hundreds, thousands converted; the tomahawk and scalping knife exchanged for Bibles and hymn-

books, some of their young braves becoming preachers of the Gospel. He told of his journey to the Hudson's Bay Territory, under Rev. James Evans, their outfit a canoe, guns, ammunition, a tent, £25, and Henry Steinhauer his travelling companion. They hoisted the British flag and were off to a strange land.

In wind and storm they paddled their bark canoe through lakes Huron and Superior to Fort William, where they met the Governor, who greatly encouraged them. But they had yet fifteen hundred miles before them. Some were despondent, but one began singing praise to the great Redeemer, when all took heart, repaired their shattered bark, and in June reached Norway House. They soon began to show the Indians how to build houses, finishing one in a week and continuing until eleven were up: then a school-house and chapel—a whole village without any expense to the Missionary Society. The Governor was astonished when he saw the houses in the spring. A school was begun and sixty scholars collected—some of them married men and women. One little fellow was so proud of his letters he said he could spell *man;* and when told to spell it began—"P-i-g." But he could soon read any chapter in the Bible, and so could twenty or thirty others—some of them little girls. But there were only two spelling books for all—and none

to be had. Some of the women came to school and taught their husbands at night. They learned to write also, often sending letters to their neighbors, even to borrow a pair of scissors. He told of the urgent calls for more missionaries, so many ready to throw away the tomahawk if only the Bible were given them—the only way to stop their cruel wars, the selling of women for slavery, and the bloody revenge of warriors. He told of the delusions of his people, and exhibited some of their gods. He spoke of Chiefs coming five hundred miles to hear the missionaries and asking for teachers. The hardships of their women were depicted—the destruction of female infants, even by their own mothers, to save them from a life of humiliation and drudgery.

With expressions of gratitude from his people to the Missionary Society and requests for prayer and continued sympathy in their behalf, the Canadian Indian closed an earnest and highly appreciated address.

On his return to Canada he resumed his labors in Hudson's Bay Territory and spent five years there in active service.

In 1846 Rev. James Evans, the heroic leader, was compelled to seek relief from the wearing toils and struggles of his difficult position in a voyage to England. While there his vigorous constitution, undermined by untold hardships

and exposures, broke down completely, and he was called to "cease at once to work and live."

Peter Jacobs visited England again in 1850, and afterwards supplied some stations in Canada.

It is possible that his cheerful spirit, his manly presence, and the general favor in which he was held, together with the habits of society to which he was welcomed, especially in England, led him into temptation, begetting an appetite for wine which caused his separation from the Canadian work and his departure to the United States.

Who can measure the responsibility of those who put this stumbling-block before the feet of "one of these little ones"—but yesterday rescued from the wilds of heathenism!

HENRY B. STEINHAUER.

On one of his visits to the United States Elder Case was desired by a gentleman named Steinhauer, who had lost his son, to select an Indian boy, give him *his* name, and have him educated at his expense. This is how young Henry received his new name and a good education.

In 1830 Elder Case wrote: "Henry Steinhauer will accompany me to Lake Simcoe, and perhaps Allen Salt will come up as far as York."

After a year or two at Grape Island school Henry was sent to Cazenovia Seminary, New York, for three years; two years he taught the Credit Mission school; attended the Upper

HENRY B. STEINHAUER.

Canada Academy in 1825, and the next year taught at Alderville. In 1840 the Rev. James Evans selected him as one of his assistants for Hudson Bay, and in 1842 wrote: "Henry Steinhauer is a useful and indefatigable laborer and deserves my highest commendation. He has been usefully engaged at Rat Portage teaching school." For some years he was interpreter for Rev. W. Mason, at Lac la Pluie, until called as teacher to Norway House, where he remained until 1850. In that year he was received as a probationer and sent to open a mission at Oxford House, two hundred miles north-east. There he labored until 1854, when he returned to Norway House, and joined the Rev. John Ryerson. From York Factory in October, they

SAILED TO ENGLAND,

and arrived in Canada by Christmas. Steinhauer spent the winter visiting the missions and attending missionary meetings until the Conference of 1855, when

HE WAS ORDAINED.

With Rev. Thomas Woolsey he proceeded again to the North-West, succeeding the Rev. William Rundle, who some time before had left the Saskatchewan and Rocky Mountain region for England. Woolsey remained at Edmonton and Steinhauer was sent to Lac la Biche.

In 1857 he was appointed to White Fish Lake, where for twenty-three years with signal success he continued his arduous labors for the conversion and civilization of the Cree Indians.

While James Evans was inventing the syllabic characters, Henry Steinhauer, with the assistance of John Sinclair, was translating the Scriptures into the Cree language. The manuscripts when completed were entrusted to the Rev. W. Mason, then going to England, to be printed by the Bible Society. Mr. Mason, who subsequently left the Methodist Church for the Church of England ministry, had his own name inserted as the translator, and even claimed celebrity as the inventor of the syllabic characters.

The winter of 1880-81 Mr. Steinhauer spent in Ontario, visiting the friends of his youth and assisting in missionary meetings.

Speaking of his beginnings at White Fish Lake he says: "Our party was small, only two wigwams, and the inmates of these our first congregation. When they wished to cultivate the ground their first implement was a hoe, made of the limb of a tree. When a plough was obtained they had no oxen, but twelve men hitched to and broke up half an acre. After twenty-three years almost all the families of our settlement have oxen and can plough as much land as they like. . . . Journeyings have

been in all directions of the Saskatchewan country and on the plains, amid dangers among the savage heathen, thirsting for human blood—not infrequently meeting them on the warpath. When the Crees were out on a buffalo hunt the Blackfeet were lurking about. As the Sabbath services were closing the cry was raised, 'The Blackfeet are coming!' Presently a hundred guns were shouldered. The enemy fled, but was pursued twenty or thirty miles. Not a Cree was killed and only one wounded." Another Sabbath morning they had a similar encounter.

March 18th, 1884, Mr. Steinhauer wrote: "All is well with the several departments of our work at White Fish Lake. Most of our young people have joined with us in church fellowship; our old members are greatly encouraged. We hope and pray for better days than we have yet seen. This good work may be partly attributed to one young man who has had the privilege of spending some years in a Christian land"—his own son, Egerton. "Our two day schools and the Sabbath School are largely attended. They read the Word of God in English, also in their own language by means of the syllabic characters. We are using every means that we may prove that 'godliness is profitable unto all things.' Many have been translated to the better land. Those who are left are expecting to arrive at that good land. Temporally they

are comparatively comfortable. No complaining, not much sickness, peace and quietness. The ave age attendance in our day schools is forty, and in the Sabbath School fifty-five. Members, one hundred and twenty-two, and at Saddle Lake ten. The Indians have been poorer and poorer ever since they ceded their country to the white man. They get little fur, and that little is taken away by the traders, who run after the Indians and get what they kill before they can bring it to the village. We will hardly be able to subscribe forty dollars missionary money, and that in barley, cordwood and work. The poor people do this rather than give nothing. The old building which has served for church and school needs repairing, also the house. Logs are collected for a school-house at Good Fish Lake."

Almost the next word we have from White Fish Lake is a letter from James A. Youmans, telling of the death of the devoted Steinhauer: "On Sunday, December 14th, 1884, he preached morning and evening—his last public service. In a few days he began to feel the effects of a cold. Egerton preached on the 21st and 28th. His father had been confined to his room since Christmas, but nothing serious was apprehended until the 28th. His mind had been wandering, and near midnight he asked his family to sing 'The Gates Ajar,' and joined in the singing, after which he exhorted them all to follow him

as he had followed Christ. He hoped his son might step into his shoes. He gave his parting counsel to each member of the family present. He was restless until soothed by an opiate. At noon he was speechless and at six o'clock p.m. quietly breathed his last. We joined in singing 'The Gates Ajar,' and the Chief led in prayer. It seemed like rejoicing over the triumphal entry of our Father Steinhauer into glory."

It is a great satisfaction to know that the last anxiety of the venerable missionary regarding his work has been fully met by not only one but two sons entering into his labors.

After the North-West rebellion we had the official testimony of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in reference to the loyalty of many Indian Chiefs. "Chief Peecan, of White Fish Lake, deserves special mention." When the Chief was asked why he had not joined Big Bear he answered, "It was the teaching of our missionary, Henry Steinhauer"—a gratification to our people generally, and especially to his then surviving fellow-laborer, Thomas Woolsey, who shared in the opening of White Fish Lake mission.

We much regret the paucity of material available for a more complete epitome of the life and labors of Mr. Steinhauer, who is deservedly held in remembrance as a model missionary, and trust the lack will be supplied by some eye-witness of his toils and triumphs.

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON.

Burmah.

1789-1826.

A FEW prefatory words regarding

THE REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.,

may serve as a fitting introduction to his devoted wife. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, Congregational minister, and was born in Malden, Massachusetts, August 9th.

1788. Early indications of mental abilities were followed by his honor graduation in 1807. He was at that time inclined to be sceptical, but the sudden death of one of his companions led him to abandon erroneous notions. For a time he taught school, then entered the Theological Seminary, Andover, and on the 28th of May, 1809, united with the Third Congregational Church in Plymouth, of which his father was pastor. With Nott, Newell, Hall and other students he examined the claims of mission work, and several of them offered to go out as missionaries. Their proposal led to the formation of a foreign missionary society by which Messrs. Judson, Nott, Newell and Hall were appointed missionaries to Asia.

Attending an academy at Bradford, Massachusetts, were two young ladies, Ann Hasseltine and Harriet Atwood, little thinking of the work awaiting them.

MISS HASSELTINE

was born in Bradford, December 22nd, 1789. Her amiable qualities made her a general favorite, and she found gratification in the ordinary pleasures of the world, until, stricken by conscience, she suddenly changed, sought the true joys of religion, and on September 14th, 1806, united with the Congregational Church, Bradford.

She taught in Salem, Haverhill and Newbury,

opening her school with prayer and endeavoring to impress the importance of religion.

While visiting Bradford, in 1810, Mr. Judson became acquainted with Miss Hasseltine, and, when preparing for India, made her an offer of marriage, which, after anxiously counting the cost, she accepted.

On the 5th of February, 1812, they were married, and a week later, on the brig *Caravan*,

EMBARKED FOR CALCUTTA.

Her school companion, Miss Atwood, had married Mr. Newell, and together they sailed for their distant mission, arriving at Calcutta on the 18th of June.

In their passage out the subject of baptism received careful consideration, resulting in a change of their views, a dissolution of their connection with the society sending them forth, and their subsequent union with the Baptist Church. The East India Company objected to their coming, and gave orders for their return to America. Instead they obtained permission to enter the Isle of France, but failing to secure a passage they were ordered to England. After tedious delays, however, they succeeded in reaching the Isle of France. Mr. and Mrs. Newell were the first to arrive; and when Mr. and Mrs. Judson came, a couple of months later, their first news was the sudden death of Mrs. Newell.

Mr. Rice had returned to America. Mrs. Judson was ill and the prospects dark.

In May, 1813, they left for Madras, and eventually found passage to Burmah and landed at Rangoon, one of the principal ports.

THE BURMAN EMPIRE

then embraced a large part of eastern India, with a population estimated at six or eight millions. Their products were rice, cotton, wheat, millet, pulse, edible roots and tropical fruits. As domestic animals they had buffalo, cattle, horses and goats; in their forests, the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger and deer. Gold, silver, tin, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, ambers, sulphur, arsenic, antimony, coal and petroleum were abundant. Their commerce was in raw material, manufactures being very limited. The government was despotic—the King supreme, appointing his own council, with governors, and deputies in the several provinces. Taxes and contributions were exorbitant.

The religion was Buddhism, five precepts of which were: 1. Thou shalt not kill. 2. Thou shalt not steal. 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 4. Thou shalt not lie. 5. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquors. Transmigration to a better state was secured by obedience to these.

The first work of the missionaries was to learn the language. Mr. Judson secured a

teacher. Mrs. Judson writes: "As I am frequently obliged to speak Burmese all day, I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson."

They were visited by the new Viceroy, and asked to Government House. The lack of Christian friends was sorely felt; but, looking upon the condition of all around them, they were thankful. After the first year Mrs. Judson's health was very poor, and in January, 1815, she visited Madras, returning much improved. Severe affliction came in the death of their first-born, when eight months old. Mr. Judson's health suffered from too close study. A grammar he prepared was highly spoken of. In 1816 Mr. and Mrs. Hough arrived with a printing press—a joyful coming to the pioneer sowers, waiting long for signs of harvest. The first really anxious inquirer at length appeared, a respectable Burman, in 1817, asking, "How long will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?" After earnest conversation about the "Book," and receiving a few chapters of Matthew, he left as with great treasure. Mrs. Judson was teaching the children and conversing with groups of women. In December, 1817, Mr. Judson's health demanded a change. Failing to reach his intended destination, he was carried to Madras, and detained until July, Mrs.

Judson receiving no word of him for four months. Suddenly an order was received by Mr. Hough to appear in court. The rumor spread that all foreigners were to be banished. A new Viceroy had been appointed, and Mr. Hough was kept several days; then released only through Mrs. Judson's persistent efforts.

Soon she wrote: "This mission seems now entirely destroyed, as we all expect to embark for Bengal in a day or two. Alas, how changed our prospects since Mr. Judson left us!" Mr. and Mrs. Hough embarked, but Mrs. Judson, though aboard the vessel and her passage paid, resolved to remain at Rangoon. Mr. Judson unexpectedly arrived. "How you will rejoice, my dear parents, when I tell you that I have this moment heard that Mr. Judson is at the mouth of the river. Now I feel ashamed of my repinings."

Mr. Judson proposed erecting a zayat or chapel, being able to speak the language. It was opened in April, 1819, with an attendance of fifteen. There were apartments for men, women, and a school. In addition to the Burmese, Mrs. Judson had acquired the Siamese language, and was able greatly to assist her husband in translating.

THE FIRST CONVERT TO CHRISTIANITY

was Moung Nan, who came as an inquirer to

the zayat in April, 1819, and in a few weeks made a public profession of his faith in Jesus. Many others asked for tracts and portions of Scripture. They were anxious for the conversion of the Emperor, fearing his opposition. So general did this fear become that the zayat was almost forsaken. In the hope of securing the sanction of the Emperor, Messrs. Judson and Colman made a visit to the Capital, taking with them Moung Nan. Their old friend, the former Viceroy at Rangoon, received them kindly at Ava. By officers of state they were conducted into a magnificent hall, where His Majesty received them, heard their petition, and examined their present—a copy of the Bible. To their petition he had no answer and no use for the sacred Book.

With no sign of imperial favor they returned, and were cheered on finding the new converts holding fast. Mr. and Mrs. Colman left for Chittagong, where in 1822 Mr. Colman died. By July, 1820, Mr. Judson had mastered the language, printed a grammar, dictionary, tracts and Scripture portions. Ten converts had been baptized. For their health the missionaries made a short visit to Serampore, and received a joyful greeting on their return. Mrs. Judson opened a school, which was attended by children, converts and others. Bright prospects

were soon clouded. Both Mr. and Mrs. Judson suffered much from illness, and for Mrs. Judson a

TRIP TO AMERICA

seemed the only hope. Meeting a favorable opportunity, she sailed for England, and wrote: "If the pain in my side is entirely removed on my passage to Europe, I shall return to India in the same ship; but if not, shall spend one winter in my dear native land."

She was very kindly received in England and Scotland. Generous friends provided for her voyage to the United States in August, 1822. In a few weeks she was once again in her old home, Bradford. But her health demanded a milder air, and she spent the winter in Baltimore, wrote a "History of the Burman Mission," and returned in the spring. With the Rev. J. Wade and his wife she

SAILED FROM BOSTON

on the 21st of June, arrived at Calcutta October 19th, and was again in Rangoon.

In the meantime Messrs. Judson and Price had visited Ava, and secured a site for a zayat. Thither Mr. and Mrs. Judson removed, and built a small house on a piece of land granted by the Emperor. Their frail house proved a poor protection from the heat of a hundred degrees, but

they were soon hopefully at work in zayat and school.

In 1824 war broke out between

ENGLAND AND BURMAH.

All foreigners were immediately under suspicion. The King had removed to Amarapora, into his new palace amid great demonstrations.

The missionaries, being Americans, went on with their work. On the 23rd of May reports came of the taking of Rangoon by the British. Foreigners were arrested and examined as spies. On the 8th of June Mr. Judson was seized, bound and hurried off to prison, despite his wife's tears and entreaties. She also was placed under a guard of ruffians, and her little Burman girls bound. "My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful language of the guard made for me a most distressing night." Next morning she learned that all the foreigners were in the death prison, each with three pairs of fetters. Her pleadings were unavailing, and another night of anguish came on. The third day, securing an order, she was permitted to see her husband, by offering large rewards, but was quickly ordered away. Their goods were seized. A petition to the Queen brought only—"The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are." For months she was annoyed by the demands

of petty officers, but no release for Mr. Judson. "Oh, how many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, worn out with fatigue and anxiety!" For a year and a half she struggled, fearing a violent death for her husband and slavery for herself. Fresh troops were being raised incessantly, only to be cut off. Their great general, Bandoola, eventually sent in three hundred prisoners, as evidence of victory. He became the idol of the empire. The King trusted him to redeem the fortunes of Rangoon. Mrs. Judson sought his help, and he promised it "when he had expelled the English." Gaining permission for a bamboo tent within the prison inclosure, for a couple of months she spent some hours daily near her husband. But Bandoola was defeated, and the prisoners were ordered into the inner prison, each with five pairs of fetters.

With her little Maria, two months old, she hastened to the Governor, but in vain: and to the prison, but was forbidden to enter. She learned that the Governor had refused to execute an order requiring the white prisoners to be put to death. A hundred of them were shut in a close room; the hot season was coming on. Word came that the invincible Bandoola had been cut off. Paken Woon offered to take his place, raise an army and drive out the English. His offer was accepted. Mr. Judson was dan-

gerously ill with fever, and Mrs. Judson secured his removal to a little bamboo hovel, where, amid many hindrances, she ministered to him. She was sent for by the Governor, and, on her return, found that the prisoners had been sent to Amarapora. Her appeals were answered by the alarming words:

"TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!"

Leaving some trunks in the care of the Governor, the next morning, with her infant, two of her Burman girls and the cook, she started in pursuit—most of the way by boat, then two miles in a cart, under a burning sun, and reached the court-house, only to find that the prisoners had been sent four miles farther, to Oung-pen-la. There she found them, chained in couples and almost dead from fatigue. "Have you come?" said Mr. Judson. Mrs. Judson had neither food nor shelter for her little company, but secured part of a small room, where, worn out with grief and toil, they sought rest.

The next day from Mr. Judson she learned that with a rope around his waist he had been dragged to the court-house, where the prisoners were tied in couples, and driven by slaves in the intolerable heat and burning sands, expecting to be offered as sacrifices at Oung-pen-la. Mrs. Judson was without an article of comfort in the filthy cabin, and had the greatest difficulty

in obtaining food. That very day one of her little Burman girls broke out with small-pox. Neither medicine nor assistance could be had. She tried to protect the others by vaccination, but little Maria was soon taken, and for three months required the utmost care. Some improvement was made in the condition of the prisoners, and Mr. Judson's health gained slowly. Mrs. Judson was compelled to make a journey to Ava for food and medicine, part of the way by ox-cart, in the rainy season and deep mud, returning utterly exhausted, and for two months unable to leave her little hovel. For her child not a drop of milk could be procured, save as Mr. Judson was allowed to carry her to nursing mothers. Their experience during six months she declares was "beyond description." Paken Woon, who had planned and intended to witness the sacrificing of the prisoners, was himself executed on suspicion of treason. After long waiting Mr. Judson was released, and they returned to Ava. But scarcely were they home an hour, when he was ordered to Maloun, as interpreter. By fatigue and exposure he was thrown into a fever. Mrs. Judson was seized with spotted fever, and little chance of recovery. In her delirium Dr. Price arrived from prison. A month afterwards, when her reason and her health seemed returning, she heard of Mr. Judson's coming, but as a prisoner and to return to

Oung-pen-la. "I could not rise from my couch, I could make no efforts to secure my husband, I could only plead with Him who said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble.'" Through a friend and a petition his release was granted.

By the advance of the English army the Capital was in great alarm. Thinking it an easy matter to drive out the invaders, all overtures had been rejected. Mr. Judson, Dr. Price and some captured officers were daily consulted, and two of them sent as an embassy to Sir Archibald Campbell regarding terms of peace. The British general would not change the conditions, and authorized Dr. Price to demand the release of Mr. and Mrs. Judson. "They are not English, and shall not go," replied the King. At the first onset the Burmese army was scattered, and the English advanced. Finally the money demanded was raised, the prisoners were released, and sailed down the Irrawaddy with joy unspeakable. They were received by the British officers, and "no persons on earth were happier than we during the fortnight we spent in the British camp." Peace was concluded, and they returned to their mission home in Rangoon. "Two years of precious time have been lost, unless some future advantage result from the severe discipline. Our prospects now seem bright." The missionaries were still intent upon the salvation of those from whom they had suffered so much.

They removed to Amherst, and Mr. Judson was invited to accompany the embassy to Ava, for the completion of the treaty, and went, in the hope of securing religious toleration.

Mrs. Judson wrote him, September 14th: "I have this day moved into the new house. If you were here I should feel quite happy. Moung Ing's school has commenced, with ten scholars. Poor little Maria is still very feeble."

On the 18th of October Cap'ain Fenwick wrote Mr. Judson: "I can hardly think it right to tell you that Mrs. Judson has had an attack of fever, occasioned by too close attendance on the child. She had no fever last night, so that the intermission is now complete."

Another letter, October 26th, bore sad tidings. "On the 20th an unfavorable change set in, and though everything possible was done by European physicians and nurses, the disease baffled all their skill. On the morning of the 23rd Mrs. Judson spoke for the last time; then lay nearly motionless and apparently insensible until eight in the evening of the 24th, when she expired. Her funeral was attended by all the European officers there." It was a month before Mr. Judson could reach his desolate home. Then he wrote: "I am sitting in the house she built, in the room where she breathed her last, and from the window I see the tree at the head of her grave. Mrs. Wade has taken charge of my

poor motherless Maria." He was told of her anxiety for his coming. "Tell him I could not write, how I suffered and died—all that you see—and take care of the house and all until he returns"—then gave her little Maria in charge to the nurse. Her last words were: "I feel quite well, only very weak." The physician considered the fatal termination due to the weakness of her constitution through severe sufferings and privations. In a few months little feeble Maria was sleeping beside her mother, under the "Hope" tree. "Together I trust they are rejoicing. My dear family I have buried—one in Rangoon and two in Amherst. What remains for me but to hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed to that blessed world—

"'Where my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Where God, my Saviour, reigns.'"

In these deserts let me labor,
On these mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem the world from hell.

—*A. Judson.*

SARAH B. JUDSON.

Burmah.

1803-1845.

SARAH B. HALL was born November 4th, 1803, at Alstead, New Hampshire. Her early years were marked by industry and perseverance. At the age of sixteen she was teaching a small school. In her seventeenth year she made a public profession of religion. In 1822 she became the wife of Mr. George Boardman, who had volunteered to fill the vacancy in Burmah caused by the death of Mr. Colman. It was not easy for her parents to consent to her going so far. When in the coach she said, "Say, Father, that you are willing I should go." "Yes, my child, I am willing." But her mother could only say, "I *hope* I am willing." "Now I can go joyfully," and she was away.

THEY SAILED JULY 16TH, 1825,

and arrived at Calcutta December 2nd. War had broken out afresh between Britain and Burmah, causing a suspension of missionary work, and they remained a year in Calcutta. Their detention was turned to good account in

learning the language. In 1827 Mrs. Boardman wrote: "I am blest with excellent health, a most affectionate husband, a lovely daughter—everything to make me happy."

In April, 1827, they entered upon their work in Amherst. Mrs. Boardman was soon attacked by severe illness, and had to be carried on a litter as they removed to Maulmain. Their new home was a lonely spot, exposed to wild animals and savage men, to whom Mrs. Boardman's fair skin was a curiosity and their home a temptation. On the fourth night it was entered while they slept, and almost every article of value taken. In 1828 they removed to Tavoy, where they began a school for boys and another for girls. With four boarding scholars Mrs. Boardman was kept busy. A convert, instructed by Dr. Judson, was baptized and carried the Gospel to his people, the Karens. Many of them came for instruction and returned with portions of Scripture. After four months' illness Mrs. Boardman, with her two children, was left with the natives, while Mr. Boardman, rallying from a severe attack of pulmonary disease, started for a tour among the Karens, who received him gladly. A short trip proved helpful to Mrs. Boardman. Severe affliction came quickly—the death of their first-born, two years and eight months of age. "Oh, with what feelings did I wash and dress her lovely form for the

last time and compose her little limbs! then see her borne away to her newly-made grave. It never once occurred to me, all the time my child was with me, that she could die; she seemed so full of life and health."

Unexpectedly

THE CRY OF REVOLT

was heard through the province of Tavoy, and before daybreak bullets were whistling through the mission house. The inmates fled and their house was plundered. The rebels were soon overcome by the British and their leaders executed. Mrs. Boardman with her boy had escaped to Maulmain, but the shock was too great for her, and amid all the dangers a second son was born but soon to rest with his sister.

Mr. Boardman's malady so increased that he had little hope of much further work. His wife's condition also was becoming alarming. In November they returned to Tavoy and their Karens rejoiced. The feeble missionary was compelled to sit or lie on his couch instructing and examining candidates. Nineteen were baptized by Moung Ing. Mr. Boardman assisted in passing the emblems of the Saviour's death.

Within two months fifty-seven received baptism. Another visit was made to the Karens in their mountain retreat, where they had built a chapel. But the missionary's strength was fail-

ing fast. To Mr. and Mrs. Mason he tenderly commended his wife and child; told his Karens, "The Lord is calling me away; I shall soon be inconceivably happy in heaven," and before he could reach his earthly home was called to the heavenly. Mrs. Boardman, though feeling strongly the drawings of home and native land, determined to remain and continue the work from which her husband had been so early called. The claims of Karen and Burman converts, the schools, inquirers, and the perishing around forbade her leaving. She

REOPENED HER SCHOOLS,

gathered the women, and courageously bore the cross. Government patronage of the schools seemed likely to be withdrawn, but correspondence resulted in larger liberty and appropriations for other schools "to be conducted on the plan of Mrs. Boardman's." Thus for three years she zealously labored when Dr. Judson, who had long felt his need of just such a co-worker, sought and gained her hand in marriage, April 10th, 1834.

The church in Maulmain had grown to a hundred members, and the numerous duties of wife and mother, teacher and visitor overtaxed her strength. Her old malady returned with threatening violence. Dr. Judson gently lifted her from bed to couch, while her little George

read to her the Bible, repeated hymns, and offered his child-like prayers. Again her health returned. She translated Bunyan, tracts, Life of Christ and the New Testament. It was thought best to send her son to America. "I cannot but hope that he will one day return a missionary of the Cross, as his dear father was."

After five years of happy and successful work together Mr. Judson was taken seriously ill, and in February, 1859, made a trip to Calcutta, returning somewhat better. The next year was one of much affliction to Mrs. Judson and her children. A voyage to Calcutta seemed helpful, but the climate of Bengal caused a relapse. At Serampore the youngest son, Henry, died; another was very ill, and they left for the Isle of France, returning home in November. Mrs. Judson's illness became alarming, and, in April, 1845, they embarked for England, leaving the three younger children with friends and taking the three elder with them.

On the 5th of July they reached the Isle of France, and Mrs. Judson was so much better that it was thought best for Mr. Judson to return. In the prospect of parting she wrote:

"We part on this green islet, Love;
Thou for the Eastern main,
I for the setting sun, Love—
Oh, when to meet again!

. . . . . .

"My tears fall fast for thee, Love—
How can I say farewell?
But go; thy God be with thee, Love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell!

"Yet my spirit clings to thine, Love,
Thy soul remains with me;
And oft we'll hold communion sweet
O'er the dark and distant sea.

"Then gird thine armor on, Love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till the Boodh shall fall and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway."

In a few days Mrs. Judson was again so ill that her husband could not leave. Thinking of her home, her parents, her son and friends of her youth, she said, "I am in a strait betwixt two—let the will of God be done." She resigned her children, but saying, "Can a mother forget?"

As they drew near St. Helena, August 31st, she was sinking fast. She took leave of her children, spoke a few words to Mr. Judson of the love of Christ, and with a parting kiss closed her eyes and ceased to breathe. She was borne ashore, met by friends, and buried beside a former missionary, Mrs. Chater, of Ceylon, who had died similarly. Mr. Judson, with the three children, proceeded to the United States. He very much regretted not having her portrait. "Her soft, blue eyes, her mild aspect, her lovely face and elegant form have never been delineated on canvas."

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Burmah.

1818-1854.

EMILY CHUBBUCK was born at Eaton, New York, in 1818. Blest with early home instruction, she united with the Baptist Church when fourteen years of age. She received a good education and taught in a Ladies Seminary, Utica, New York. For several publications she wrote articles over the pseudonyme

"Fanny Forrester." These were subsequently published in two volumes and thirty-three thousand copies sold. She also wrote "Charles Linn," "The Great Secret," "Allen Lucas," etc.

The winter of 1845-46 she was spending in Philadelphia. Dr. Judson was also visiting there, and at the home of Rev. Dr. Gillette met the distinguished authoress. In June, 1846, they were married and

SAILED FOR INDIA,

reaching Maulmain in November, and Rangoon in February, 1847. The youngest of the three children left in India had gone to join his mother. The others were well.

Amid many new duties Mrs. Judson found time to write sketches of her new home and missionary life. During the year all the family suffered from sickness. In December a little girl, Emily Frances, was added to their number.

"MY BIRD.

"Ere last year's moon had left the sky
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

. . . . . .

"A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future with its light and gloom
Time and eternity are here."

Her father shared the joy—"She is a great pet of her brothers, Henry and Edward, and her mother has taken to the two boys as if they were her own, so that we are a very happy family. I have the same church, and can hardly realize that I have been through such a whirl. The work of the Lord is going forward in every direction."

Mrs. Judson was preparing Bible questions, conducting a Bible class and prayer meetings. During 1849 she suffered severely from the Indian climate, and in December Dr. Judson wrote: "A dark cloud is gathering around me—the dreadful conviction that dear Emily is in a rapid decline." She tried riding, took a trip, and slowly recovered. Dr. Judson's health also was giving way, and he was sent on a voyage to the Mauritius. By the sea breezes he was revived, and Mrs. Judson returned home with some hope, though for months she could have no word. But he died on the passage and found an ocean grave. "He spoke of burial at sea, and always as though the prospect were agreeable. Nothing can disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. Neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast." Thus tranquilly wrote the widowed mourner. In 1851 she returned to the United States, where with her parents, the Doctor's children, and her own "Birdie," she found a home in Hamilton.

"A welcome for thy child, Father,
A welcome give to-day,
Although she may not come to Thee
As when she went away."

With voice and pen she strove to further the missionary cause until June, 1854, when she was summoned from a career of unselfish devotion to her rest and reward.

These brief sketches do but scant justice to the memories of the courageous and self-denying women who left home and country to "labor in the Gospel" in a distant and dangerous land, with Judson, Newell, Boardman and others, "whose names are in the Book of Life." For ages to come they will be held in undying remembrance as the forerunners of that host of women messengers foretold by the prophet: "Great was the company of those that published it."

They went out scarcely knowing whither, so few had ventured before them. Amid dangers the most appalling and labors the most exhaustive they sought to gather to the fold "the sheep for whom the Shepherd died." To how many other godly women their heroic efforts have been, or shall yet be, a call and an inspiration to "go and do likewise," eternity alone may reveal. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Their early and triumphant deaths, perhaps even more than

their consecrated lives, may have enkindled the flame of missionary zeal in the women of the churches. Ingatherings surpassing the golden harvests of earthly fields have already been garnered from seed sown by their hands and watered by their tears. Yet are these but the first fruits. The full-eared sheaves shall surely follow, and the Lord of the harvest "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

WRITTEN OFF ST. HELENA.

Bloom, Ocean Isle, lone Ocean Isle !
Thou keep'st a jewel rare ;
Let rugged rock and dark defile
Above the slumbering stranger smile,
And deck her couch with care.

Weep, ye bereaved ! a dearer head
Ne'er left the pillowing breast ;
The good, the pure, the lovely fled
When, mingling with the shadowy dead,
She meekly went to rest.

Mourn, Burmah, mourn ! a bow which spanned
Thy cloud has passed away ;
A flower has withered on thy sand,
A pitying spirit left thy strand,
A saint has ceased to pray.

Angels, rejoice ! another string
Has caught your strains above ;
Rejoice, rejoice ! a new-fledged wing
Around the throne is hovering
In sweet, glad, wondering love.

—*Emily C. Judson.*

Ship *Fanneil Hall*, 1846.

THE WAN REAPERS.

I came from a land where a beautiful light
  Slowly is creeping o'er hill-top and vale;
Where broad is the field and the harvest is white,
  But the reapers are haggard and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,
  Still they pause not, that brave little band,
Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil
  Of that distant and grave-dotted strand:

For dangers uncounted are clustering there;
  The pestilence stalks uncontrolled;
Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid air
  And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,
  But there's a beautiful light in her eye;
And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek,
  None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in youth's golden prime,
  But he cheerily sings at his toil;
For he thinks of his sheaves and the garnering time
  Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn, that brave, wan little band,
  A long, wistful gaze on the West—
Do they come, do they come, from that dear distant land,
  That land of the lovely and blest?

Do they come? do they come? Oh! we're feeble and wan,
  And we're passing like shadows away;
But the harvest is white, and lo! yonder the dawn!
  For laborers—for laborers we pray.

—*Emily C. Judson.*

ROBERT MOFFAT.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

Africa.

1795-1883.

THE name of Africa is apt to suggest jungles and kraals, wild beasts and savages. But we cannot forget that within her borders there flourished mighty kingdoms: that she owned her share of the "wonders of the world": and that to her chief centres flocked the learned men of early ages. The granaries of Egypt, the gold of Ophir, the libraries of Alexandria, the ships of Carthage, the splendor of Thebes, the Nile, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, won the homage of all nations. The swarthy mummy, filched from her mausoleums, is made to tell his tale of the storied past. The hieroglyphics of her obelisks and the buried ruins of her famous cities are the study and the admiration of eager archæologists. The Pharaohs and their taskmasters, Joseph and his storehouses, Moses and his rod, are afresh asserting their claim to perpetual remembrance. Christians treasure the triumphs of early times, and find upon the scroll of confessors and martyrs a full quota from "Afric's sunny soil." Yet through many long

centuries there lingered but traces of a glory that had vanished. Africa, politically, commercially, intellectually, religiously had well-nigh ceased to be. But by the Portuguese discoveries of the fifteenth century, the Dutch colonization of the seventeenth, and the British supremacy of the nineteenth, the pulsations of a new life have been awakened in the dark continent.

The Christian world is indebted to the London Missionary Society and her agents—Vanderkemp, the learned and dauntless pioneer, Kitchener, Kramer and Edwards—for a re-sowing of the Gospel seed, trampled and exterminated centuries before by Vandals and Saracens. When Vanderkemp was ending his twelve years of courageous labor,

ROBERT MOFFAT

was receiving hardy training under a Scotch gardener. He was born in East Lothian, Scotland, December 21st, 1795. His mother was his earliest and best teacher. For school he had no liking and took to sea, but returned after many dangers, and at the age of fourteen resumed his gardening. Latin, mensuration and the violin beguiled his evenings. Leaving home, his mother asked a promise that he would read a chapter of the Bible morning and evening—a promise he made and never forgot, even amid ungodly surroundings.

An invitation to Methodist meetings resulted in his conversion. In Warrington a notice of a missionary meeting attracted him. He attended, became interested, and visited the chairman, the Rev. William Roby, Methodist minister of Manchester, who introduced him to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. Under Mr. Roby he began a course of study. The daughter of his employer attended a Moravian school and encouraged his preparation for mission work. After a year he was accepted by the Directors. In London, visiting a museum and studying the objects of pagan worship, he exclaimed, "Oh, that I had a thousand lives! All of them should be devoted to preaching Christ to these deluded mortals."

A FAREWELL SERVICE

was held in Surrey Chapel, September 30th, 1816, at which five missionaries were set apart for Africa and four for the South Seas. Those for Africa sailed October 18th and reached the Cape January 13th. While waiting Government permission to proceed inland they were studying the languages. December 22nd they started with oxen and waggons for Namaqualand. In hunger and thirst they traversed the sandy wastes amid howling hyenas, roaring lions and savage bushmen. Reaching the Orange River they crossed on a raft, and four months

from starting came to the kraal of the much-dreaded Africaner. The warrior Chief received them kindly and ordered a house to be built for them, which became their home for six months. "Here I am," said Moffat, "alone, no friends, no communion of saints, no grain, no bread, about twenty-five pounds a year, but satisfied that I have not run unsent."

He held morning and evening service, opened a school, and had Africaner for a scholar. The New Testament delighted the Chief, and the lion became a lamb. His brothers, David and Jacob, followed his example.

Moffat visited the villages and held services, then lay upon the ground listening to prowling lions. "My food was milk and meat; but sometimes both failed, and money I had none." But he had in prospect wheat, corn and potatoes.

In 1819 he asked Africaner to go with him to the Cape. "Me!" said the Chief; "me, for whose poor head a thousand dollars are offered!" Yet he went, and so delighted was the Governor to see the change in him that he presented him with an £80 carriage.

MARY SMITH,

daughter of the Manchester gardener, had not forgotten her missionary friend and lover. So soon as her parents' consent was given she sailed with Rev. R. Beck and his wife, and was met at

the Cape by Mr. Moffat, December 27th, 1819. They were married, and through hundreds of desert miles toiled their weary way to Lattakoo, followed by Africaner with goods and cattle. The Chief proposed making excursions with Moffat, but death cut short his plans. He died saying, "My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven." After some months in Griqua Town the missionary and his wife returned to their work among the Bechwanas. They irrigated the ground, planted and sowed, raised sheep and cattle—only to have them stolen. Household goods went in the same way. No one desired instruction. If a mother died her helpless infants were buried with her. The aged were left to die by starvation or wild beasts. Because of the drought they would drive away the missionary. But by living among the people he learned their language and reached their hearts. Hearing that a great Chief, Makaba, desired to see him he set out on a journey of many days. On the way he heard that the Mantatees were advancing against the Bechwanas. He returned and called a public meeting for defence. A hundred horsemen were mustered and the enemy driven back. Willing then to listen to Moffat they made Kuruman fountain their centre. Having to visit the Cape for supplies, in 1824, the missionary took

some of his people with him. They gazed with wonder upon the white people, their city and their ships. They returned with Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, for Griqua. Moffat made his long postponed visit to Chief Makaba, who wondered they should come unarmed into the town of such a villain as he. He listened to the words of the stranger until he spoke of the resurrection, then shouted: "The dead arise! They cannot, must not rise! I have slain thousands, and shall they arise?"

Returning home Moffat found his wife and the whole town in alarm. The land was deluged with blood. Makaba was among the slain. The heat was extreme and no rain for a year. For their garden they cut a channel two miles to the river. Mrs. Moffat mourned the death of her mother and also of a little child. A spelling-book, catechism and portions of Scripture were ready for printing, but delayed. A plentiful rain, in 1826, brightened their prospects, but a swarm of locusts blighted them as quickly. The mission cattle were stolen and their keeper killed. To learn the language of the Sechwanas Moffat spent three months among them, and on his return found thousands of them gathering around his home, open to instruction, but warlike invaders scattered them. Ten years he had toiled amid unceasing discouragements. Prospects of peace at length gave some hope for the

good seed. A Sechwana school was opened, the Holy Spirit was wonderfully poured out and the chapel filled with weeping penitents. Six, professing faith, were baptized, and a company of twelve partook of the Lord's Supper. To a lady who had asked what she should send her, Mrs. Moffat had written: "A communion service; we shall need it some day." It arrived just in time. A sewing school and home instruction wrought wonders. Messengers from an eastern Chief arrived, examined the houses, the chapel, and listened to the services; then asked the missionary to go with them to their people, the Moselakatese. He was saluted with hideous yells from a thousand warriors. "A profound silence followed, then a war song, and every eye fixed upon us. The Chief approached with an interpreter and attendants, bearing food and beer, gave us a hearty salutation, and seemed overjoyed." He examined the waggons, heard the wonderful accounts his messengers brought, and showed great respect to the missionary.

Returning after two months he was pleased to find the gardens refreshed with rain, the people raising all kinds of vegetables, and the school doing well.

For the printing of translations and to place some of their children in school Mr. and Mrs. Moffat journeyed to the Cape. With Mr.

Edwards he learned printing, and ran off hymn-books, the Gospel of St. Luke, etc. In June, 1831, they returned to Kuruman with press, books and sewing materials. During a visitation of small pox Dr. Smith arrived, to the great relief of Mrs. Moffat, who was ill and had lost a child. He accompanied Moffat on a three months' tour and another visit to the Moselakatese. Timber was obtained for a church at Kuruman, and by Hamilton and Edwards taken two hundred and fifty miles. In a village a hundred and fifty miles away Moffat found some willing to learn to read and young people saying—"Teach us the A, B, C, with music." Soon "Auld Lang Syne" was echoing through the town; and all night long from strange voices he could hear the old familiar air.

At Kuruman Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were teaching the children and the women, who were relieved from their burdens by oxen and waggons. The new church was opened in November, 1838, with a congregation of nearly a thousand. A hundred and fifty partook of the Lord's Supper.

THE NEW TESTAMENT WAS TRANSLATED

into the Seehwana language, and to have it printed Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, after twenty-two years' absence, sailed for England. A daughter was born and little Jamie died on the passage.

In June, 1837, they received an enthusiastic welcome in London. After visiting relatives, from town to town they were called by multitudes eager to see and hear the missionaries from Africa. In May, 1840, Moffat preached the anniversary sermon for the London Missionary Society, and Exeter Hall was packed to hear him at the annual meeting. William Ross and David Livingstone were set apart for the Bechwana mission. Two thousand copies of the New Testament and Psalms, translated and bound together, were sent out. During 1843 the number was increased to six thousand. By request Moffat wrote "Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa," which, with his many addresses, awakened great enthusiasm. After valedictory services in several cities the honored missionaries embarked January 30th, 1843, and reached the Cape April 10th. David Livingstone met them on the return journey, and, December 10th, they were received with great joy in their distant mission.

Several missionaries were sent: Mr. and Mrs. Ross to Tanny, a hundred and fifty miles east: Edwards, Livingstone and Inglis to the Bakhatla, two hundred miles north-east, and Mr. Hamilton to Kuruman, with Mr. and Mrs. Moffat.

Livingstone was attacked by a lion and had to return to Kuruman. When able to leave he

took with him Mary Moffat, the eldest daughter, as Mrs. Livingstone.

Moffat resumed his translating: Ashton attended to the printing, and their wives to the clothing and homes of their people.

In 1846 Mrs. Moffat made Mrs. Livingstone a visit while her husband made a tour of many villages. To arrange for the education of her children Mrs. Moffat journeyed to the Cape. Leaving her son John there, she sent her two daughters to England. "On the 10th of February they embarked, and I tore myself from my darlings to contemplate my solitary journey to my husband and childless home."

The Boers were making trouble in the East—encroaching upon the natives and expelling the missionaries.

Moffat had translated Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and "Pilgrim's Progress," and was anxious to finish the whole Bible, but incessant application was telling upon his rugged constitution. He made a visit to his old friend, the Moselakatese Chief, and Livingstone—a journey of eight hundred miles. He returned improved in health and greatly encouraged by the evidence of Gospel triumphs.

At length, after thirty years' work,

THE BIBLE WAS TRANSLATED,

and he felt relieved. "For many years I had

no leisure, every spare moment being devoted to translating, and I was a stranger, even to my own family. Now I see the Word of God read by thousands of Bechwanas in their own tongue."

At sixty years of age he visited the Metabele tribe, effecting wonderful reconciliations between Chiefs and openings for missionaries. Visiting the Cape to meet Dr. Livingstone and his own son John, on their return from England, he received much encouragement from the Governor, Sir George Grey. On the 7th of July, 1859, a division of their party started for Makololo, a thousand miles further into the interior than they had yet been. A week later Moffat, his sons Thomas and John, with their wives, and Mr. Sykes set off. On their way they were met by Moselakatese warriors, from the great Chief, with supplies of oxen and food. Despite Boer intrigues a mission was opened among them in 1859. The interviews of the veteran missionary with the aged Chief were prolonged, and their last parting was solemn and affecting to many witnesses. In October, 1861, Bessie Moffat became the wife of Mr. Price. Robert, the eldest son, had been sent to England to prepare for missionary work. His health failed, and in 1862 he died, leaving a wife and four children. Mrs. Livingstone died a little later. In 1866 the husband of the second daughter was killed

in an explosion. At threescore years and ten the veteran missionary began to feel the weakness of age. Against the wish of the Directors he continued his labors until March 20th, 1870, when to the crowds from far and near gathered in the Kuruman church he bade a sad farewell. On the Friday following the venerable missionaries started on an eight weeks' journey to Port Elizabeth, where they went aboard the *Norseman* and arrived at Plymouth, July 24th. A public breakfast and many hearty receptions awaited them. A birthday gift of £1,000 was presented to the returned missionary.

After fifty-three years of toil and triumph Mrs. Moffat was called suddenly home. The services of the aged messenger of the Cross were in great demand, and many yet remember "the bronzed face and flowing beard of the heroic veteran." The University of Edinburgh made him Doctor of Divinity. Several thousand pounds were contributed to the "Moffat Institute"—his memorial at Kuruman. A gift of £5,000 was presented him in 1873, by which he was enabled to still serve the Directors and assist his widowed daughter and her children.

On his eightieth birthday he opened a new mission hall called by his name. He was the guest of the Lord Mayor of London and received the freedom of the city. The last four years of his life were spent quietly in Park Cottage,

Leigh, with kind attentions from Mr. and Mrs. Morley.

He attended the Society's annual meeting in May, 1883; took a short tour and returned in July apparently improved; but unfavorable symptoms soon appeared. In the early days of August he enjoyed hearing the singing of hymns and reading of Scripture. Waking from sleep he looked at his children: then quickly his spirit departed to be "forever with the Lord." So died this veteran soldier of the Cross, August 10th, 1883, in his eighty-eighth year. He was buried in the Norwood Cemetery amid relatives, friends and deputations from many societies. Worthy tributes were paid to his memory by public men, the press, the churches, and the great religious societies.

My Album is the savage breast,
Where darkness reigns and tempests rest
Without one ray of light;
To write the name of Jesus there,
To point to worlds both bright and fair,
To see the savage bow in prayer,
Is my supreme delight.

—*R. Moffat, in Lady's Album.*